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MR. CLEGG'S VERY MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

A TALE OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE SERVICE.

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“**D**ID you ever hear tell about the Saran Bloggs and Rube Hanny affair that come off over there?” asked the mate of the light-house steamer as we passed the Chicamicomico light-house. “No? Well, if some of them novel writin’ chaps got hold on it, ’twould jest set ’em up. I’d like to see that Howells feller, that writ about ‘The Girl on the Aroostook’ handle it.”

“Let’s have it, and perhaps I’ll give him the points,” I suggested.

Whereupon the mate, between the many interruptions of the ship’s duty, spun me his yarn.

In trying to re-tell the mate’s story, I shall change all the names of the people and many of the names of the places, for I have a wholesome fear of the fate of the author of *Cape Cod Folks*, who was sued for libel, and I don’t care to get into trouble, or to hurt any body’s feelings by telling an o’er true tale.

The mate, who was a down-easter, had come south during the war, and had, as it turns out, come to stay, as he had found that the climate and the work agreed with him. He had lost none of his Yankee vernacular, but had added to it some of the peculiarities of the soft southern dialect, and both had suffered something of a sea change, as he was more often on the water than on the land. He told his story as follows :

You see it was like this : Rube Hanny had

come south a live-oakin, and when that job had petered out, he shipped with me as second mate on this steamer, which then run up and down the Carliny sounds to look after the buoys and to supply the light-houses. And when the guv’ment set up a string of life-savin’ stations along the beach between Lookout and Hatteras, he left us and took to bein’ a surfman.

What’s a surfman ? Why, he’s one of the hands as mans a life-boat, pulls an oar, *patrols* the beach, and runs his own risk of gettin’ killed by the surf.

Well, I kinder mistrusted that Rube’s hankerin’ arter old Bloggses Saran made him try for that job. Rube had often stopped with me at old man Bloggses when we were arter his beach ponies to haul supplies from the sound side over to the light-houses on the ocean. And Saran—well, her black eyes and hair like a hosses tail, jest got Rube. Saran was sorter tall, and carrying fish-tubs on her head made her straight as a narrrer ; her bare arms, and legs too—for her caliker frock didn’t come much below her knee, and they don’t take much to shoes and stockin’s in them parts—made her look as much different from the run of beach wimen as Rube did from the beach men.

Well, any way, Rube left us and tuk to the life-savin’ service ; and Uncle Sam’s blue and brass didn’t make him look any wuss in Saran’s eyes neether.

You see the life-savers have to *patrol* the beach every night from station to station. Rube belonged to Station No. 3, and one

night he had to go along the shore watchin' for wrecks three miles toward No. 2 Station, and swap checks with a *patroler* from there, and the next night he had to go half-way to No. 4 Station and change brasses with a chap from that a-way.

Wot's checks and brasses? Why, they are things like trunk checks, numbered and lettered, and these *patrolers* has to meet and swap 'em, so't when they turn 'em in back at their own stations, which are about six miles apart, the station cap'n can know for sure that the *patroler* has kivered the beach half-way to the next station.

But them things didn't prove nothin' arter all. Why, Rube on stormy nights would do his full share er sand wadin', but on pretty nights, when the sea was down and the sky was clear, and the wind was off shore, and a ship couldn't get on to the beach if she was to try for it, Rube he'd just stop to old man Bloggses, and start little Hank out with his lantern to swap brasses with the surfman from No. 4, and then Rube and Saran would count stars all by their selves till the boy got back to claim his nickle.

Stay in the house? No. Why, there weren't but one room in the shanty, and that was only partly floored over with drift-boards, and in it would be Pap Bloggs, the old 'oman, the widowed darter, her twins, and all the other Bloggses big and little. No, Rube and Saran didn't take any shanty in thein, you bet, tho' that shanty was full as good as the common run er the beach houses.

Well, Rube and his Saran counted stars wunst too often, and Saran she kim home with her eyes jest a blazin', and arter givin' every body who spoke to her a piece er lip, jest piled up the ladder inter the loft overhead and went straight ter bed.

Rube he was wusser than her. He went back that night to No. 3 a bilin', and without waitin' for eether his lantern or his check, and that's the way the cap'n caught on to how Rube had been er foolin' him; and what with the jawin' he give Rube, and the row Rube had with Saran, the place got too hot for him, and Rube jest got up and dusted. I'm not sure but he'd been bounced for it any way; but he didn't wait for that, but took hisself off in a jiffy.

Saran, when she found that Rube had actually lit out for good an' all, acted like all

possessed, and when she said yes to Clegg that kept the big light down to the Inlet, every body that belonged to her drew a long breath.

It seems that Clegg had told her that he stood a fair chance to be made head keeper of the new screw pile light-house that was er goin' up down to Chicamicomico, and as it was to be a two-keeper station, he would stand a better chance for gettin' of it if he was married, as the head keeper would have to board the assistant keeper, for there weren't no house-keepin' fixin's for but one set. I mean there was but one cookin' stove and sich.

Well, Saran was that hot foot for gettin' away that she married old Clegg outerhand, and went right down to the Inlet and never come home, tho' 'twas only seven mile by boatin' it. She seemed ter hate ter be where she'd been so much with Rube.

Well, she brought the old man good luck; for, arter a spell, he got ter keep the new light, and they moved to Chicamicomico two year ago come next spring.

Mebbe you noticed jest how Chicamicomico light-house stands? No? Well, nine iron piles, as big round as your body, are screwed down into the mud. Then onto them a lot of iron beams are fastened kinder slantin' like, and they are all braced by rods and ties set up jest alike with turn-buckles till the strain is equal, and the structure is so stiff it would tip over if enough force was used; and on top er them a floor is laid; and then a nice little house is built some twenty feet above high tide, with a gallery all round it, and an iron railin' all round the gallery.

The cellar where they keep the wood and coal and sich is outdoors; that is, it's under the house on a floor of loose boards laid on top er the piles. To get to the front door of the house you have ter come up thro' the cellar by a ladder, and thro' the floor of the gallery. But it's a mighty nice little house when you get to it, with four rooms down stairs, four up, and the lantern on top er that, all painted and fixed up nice with winders that hist and lower, and cupboards and closets, and a fine cook stove in one room and a parlor heater in another, and both on 'em heatin' all up stairs. Saran had never seen no sich fixin's before since she was born.

But she didn't take much of a look at her

new house at first ; for, what der yer think? Just as she poked her head up thro' the trap, there she seed Rube Hanny, large as life, standin' in the front door. Rube was the assistant keeper that Saran, now Mrs. Clegg, was ter cook and do for.

It's hard to say which of the three was the wust womblecropt, old Clegg, Saran, or Rube ; but 'twas Rube who first got the use of his senses. He right up an' told 'em that when he was appointed to Chicamicomico light he didn't know who was to be the principal keeper, and now he'd just ask to be transferred to some other light ; and till he was changed he'd keep hisself to hisself, and he did in spite of all old Clegg or Saran could say. An' he did for hisself up chamber cookin' on an ole stove the roofers and tinner's had used there in finishing off, before the fine cook stove had come.

I went up to Chicamicomico light-house the first time it was inspected. The assistant inspector went thro' the motions, and he asked every blessed one of the whole one hundred and forty-seven questions printed on the blank inspection report.

When he came to the question about the keeper bein' fully satisfied with the conduct of the assistant keeper, Clegg said "yes," but in a hesitatin' kinder way ; and when Rube was asked if the principal keeper treated him right and why they didn't live at one table, Rube he blurted it all out, and asked for his transfer. The lieutenant said that was for the inspector hisself to tend to, and he took Rube off to the steam tender with him.

Then Rube told the inspector how he an' Saran, now the principal keeper's wife, had been sweetheartin' an' had quarreled, and how Clegg had married her, and how they all had been brought together in this strange way, and Rube said he wanted his transfer to some other station, where he shouldn't be interferin' 'tween man and wife. And when he had told his story he was sent on deck to wait further orders.

Now the inspector was Commander Seymour of the navy ; all the inspectors are navy officers you know, and he was kinder laid up by the ackin' of an old wound, the one he got at the battle of Mobile bay, when he was in the Hartford frigate long er Faragut ; but he wouldn't go off duty when he had them spells, but he'd make his assistant,

a young duck not long out of the Naval Academy, do the leg work and the pen work, while he'd do the head work like he always did.

Now, he'd been told that I know'd Rube and Saran before. So he told me to take the cutter an' go back to the light-house, and give his compliments to Mrs. Clegg—they was his very words—and beg her to do him the honor to call on him as he was not able, on account of his old wound, to call on her ; and so I brought her on board of the steamer.

The inspector couldn't have treated her no better if she had been a born lady, and I do say for it, Saran really acted in most ways as if she was one. The inspector sat by the table, with his bad leg on a pillow in a chair kivered with a bright little crazy quilt his wife had made him out of bits of her silk gowns ; the table had a pretty red cloth on it, and there was a decanter of scuppernong, a silver basket of cake, and another silver basket of oranges, bananas, grapes, and sich for the inspector's lunch, and the glass, silver, china, and lipen was sich as the gal had never seen afore. No more had she ever seen a carpet, a sofa, nor one of them big easy chairs with spring seats such as she was then a sittin' in.

The fixin's kinder dazed her, but when the inspector spoke so nice to her she just come up to what was expected of her. The inspector told her what Rube had said, puttin' it all right as to her tho', and then he said it would be hard to fix things so as to transfer him and get some other assistant to come to Chicamicomico right away, and then he asked Saran for the sake of the L. H. E., if she an' Rube couldn't get along till it come round right to make a change.

By the L. H. E. he meant the Light-House Establishment, and it always seemed to me as if he lived, moved, and had his bein', as the preacher said, in that blessed L. H. E.

Well, Saran said she could if Rube could ; she wasn't objectin'.

Then Rube was sent for, and—well, the inspector could just talk the bark off a log when he set out, and he made Rube b'leve for the sake of the L. H. E. he orter stay where he was till a change could be made easy like.

When I set 'em back onter the light-house, I saw by the look er Rube's face

that it weren't no easy job that he'd undertook. But old Clegg he allowed, now that the inspector had made it up 'tween Rube and Saran, that there be fair sailin', and that he'd have a better time on it his own self.

Then the steamer went on up the bay inspectin' lights. At Flyaway P'int light we found the assistant keeper had pretty nigh gin out. He was an old soldier, and he had an Antietam bullet in his leg. He said as how the ninety-seven steps in Flyaway tower had got away with him, and he wanted to be transferred to a light-house where there wouldn't be so much climbin'.

Now, here's one er the beauties of service in the L. H. E. If a keeper is any good he can be fixed real comfortable. No three-cornered man in the L. H. E. need stay long in a round hole. In this case the inspector told the stiff-legged man it was a pity that the assistant keeper at the Chicamicomico light, where there weren't any steps to speak of, got only five hundred dollars a year, for now they couldn't swap places.

Stiff-leg swallowed the bait quick, and said he'd be glad enough to drop his forty dollars a year extra to get rid of the ninety-seven steps. So the inspector just fixed it up that Rube should be transferred and promoted to Flyaway at five hundred and forty dollars a year in place of Stiff-leg, who should be reduced and transferred to Chicamicomico at five hundred dollars a year at his own request, and the nomination papers were made out an' sent up to Washington.

We got back to opposite Chicamicomico as we went down the bay in about ten days from the time we left there, and the inspector ordered the steamer across the bay to give Rube notice of the transfer to Flyaway.

When we got in good eye shot we made it out that the ensign was a flyin' from the light-house with the Union down. This signal made us crowd the old boatee with all the steam she could carry, and the inspector hisself went off to the light-house in the gig taking me along as coxswain.

Rube met us at the water's edge, and he caught our line and hauled the boat in under the light-house out of the short chop sea that was a runnin'. The inspector asked what was up, and Rube said that four days ago Clegg had disappeared, that the light-house boat he had gone off in for the mail had been

found stove in an' all bloody, that blood had been found on the gallery steps, that the same night Saran had come down with a congestive chill, and that she was then out of her head and a ravin' with fever, and he was just about played out hisself.

The inspector, who couldn't climb the steps, was histed up to the gallery in a whip rigged to one of the boat davits. When I got up a little while arter, bein' sent for, the inspector was accountin' the pulse of the poor gal, and she was wild as a hawk, and agoin' on dreadful about Clegg stabbin' her with his eyes thro' the winder. The inspector asked Rube a lot of questions, but didn't larn much, for the poor chap seemed dazed. And well he might, for he had run the light and fog-signal, took care of the sick woman, done all the cookin' that was done, answered the fool questions of the people who had picked up and brought in the stove boat, and all that without help. So it had been about sixty hours since he had his clothes off, or had mor'n a wink er sleep at a time.

At last the inspector said it was clare that there was somethin' queer, if not wrong, about all this, and that the matter must be looked into; but everythin' must be done carefully so as to do no wrong to any body, and so that the L. H. E. shouldn't be scandalized. Then he ordered me to take one of the darkies from the steamer, and stay there an' run the light, and he ordered Rube to the steamer to act as mate in my place. But he told Rube on the quiet to consider hisself under arrest till this thing was cleared up; but nothin' was to be said about it so that the blessed L. H. E. shouldn't get talked about.

Then the inspector had me get into a bow-line at the end of the whip, and Rube put the poor gal into my arms like a baby, as she was still out of her head, and they lowered us into the boat, and rowed us off to the steamer, and then histed us in, and we put Saran to bed in the spare state room, and I left the stewardess moppin' er face with bay rum. She had a run of the break-bone fever, an' I heard tell arterwards as how they took her to Norfolk, and put her in the hospittle, where she was took care on by the sisters.

Well, I went back to the light-house, and me and Black Joe batched it there for quite

a spell. 'Twarn't very lively I must say. The country was low and flat, so that at high water 'twas five mile to any where by boat, and at low water you couldn't get any where for the mud. There was a woman writ a book about bein' twelve mile from a lemon. We were five mile from a nail, and at low water we might as well have been a million, for we couldn't get to Cobtown no how, for the mud was too thick to row in and not thick enough to walk on.

And how that mud did smell! Bilgewater smells wuss to a sailor nor any thing else, but I used to wish I had some bilgewater to put ont'er hankercher ter kill out the smell of that mud.

No wonder Saran tuk sick. Why, man, there were forty shakes to the square inch in the white mist that come oft'en them flats every night, and stayed till long after sun-up in the mornin'.

Poor gal! she had her broughten up on Hatteras beach. That strip er sand is mor'n twenty mile long, runnin' between the ocean and the sound, not mor'n two and a half mile at the widest, and often thinnin' down to a hundred yards or so, clean, white, shinin', without a stun on it big enough to throw at a bird, and only a few scraggy live oaks or yaller pines here'n there.

The breeze was always from the sea, no matter which way the wind was, and she didn't know what fever'n'agur meant. She'd allers lived outdoors, and here there weren't no outdoors to live in, 'cept on that six-foot gallery that run round the light-house. The folks on the eastern shore know too much to stay out er nights or ter go out afore the sun has burnt the fog up; but she didn't. She'd set out on the gallery in the moonlight, and she'd go out there before she'd had her coffee in the mornin', and that with all her trouble 'bout Rube was enough to kill er horse. And it would er killed her if she hadn't er been stronger nor a horse. But she got her cumupance, for the fever laid her by the heels in the wust kind er way.

Well, me and Black Joe had to tough it out. He kept all the paint and bright work clean, and did the house work. He was a right good cook too, and we lived high. My old shot gun would fetch a swan, goose, or duck out of every lot that come within shootin' distance, and the natives swapped us the best kind of oysters and fish for the

salt beef and pork of our rations. Then the quinine bottle was put on the table every meal as reg'lar as the sugar bowl, and I'd put in about as much of the one as of t'other in my coffee. And what with the work of takin' care of that fixed-red-varied-by-white-flashes-fourth-order-light, windin' up the clock to run the revolving machinery of it every four hours, and windin' up the Stevens' strikin' apparatus that would pound the twelve hundred pound fog bell, so that it would strike four times one minute and no times the next, I was kep tolerble busy.

Then, too, I had to take the temperature of the water alongside with a thermometer twice a day for the Fish Commission, and enter it on their blanks, an' mail 'em to 'em wunst a week. An' I had to note on blank forms all sorts er stuff about the flights of the wild birds for the horny-theologist of the Agricultural Department.

What? Well, mebbe I didn't say that hard word quite right, but I mean the bird-sharp there.

An' I had to pull off the head of every bird that killed hisself flyin' agin' the lantern, and send it to that chap with the hard name in an envelope, with date an' place marked on it.

Oh, you may think a light-keeper don't have nothin' to do. But you try it, and then if you can write up the passin' vessels' record, and the record of oil, chimneys and wicks used, and the journal, an' make all the entries in all the books the L. H. rules require, without goin' to sleep over 'em, you'd just beat me. I hadn't any more time to sit down than I could use up smokin' my old brier wood. Curus how work does keep a feller from feelin' lonesome, ain't it?

Well, we'd been there some weeks, when one night little arter nine, as I was sittin' in the kitchen all alone over my pipe, waitin' for Joe to get back from Cobtown with the mail, I heard his boat bump agin' the piles, and then I heard voices, and I judged as how Joe had some oysterman in tow, who was a comin' up to swap his truck for salt meat.

But I changed my mind when the door blew in, and who do you think followed it?

Why, old Clegg an' Saran! And she chucked herself inter my lap and tucked her face down inter my whiskers, an' cried all over me just like my little darter, Nancy, does when I git home. Yes, 'twas Saran,

white an' thin, with a short crop er black curls all over her head like a boy.

Clegg he had a smashed nose, and a red scar across his forehead, which didn't make him look anyways pretty eether. They said they'd come to stay, and old Clegg he give me a letter from the inspector tellin' me to take the next bay steamer down to Assa-teague to join the L. H. E. tender.

Joe flaxed round and got a bully supper, while Clegg an' Saran both talked to wunst. But it weren't till late bed time that I got the rights er their story. 'Twas like this:

Saran and Rube didn't hit it off very well arter all, tho' they had said to the inspector they'd try to for the sake of the L. H. E. Rube was grumpy and Saran was right cross with him; but she soon found out that every time he got er chance on the sly he'd clean the mess er fish her ole man had left for her to do, or he'd tote up the day's wood an' coal, or he'd polish the lens when Clegg had left it for her; but never doin' it tho' when she wouldn't naterally s'pose it was done by her own man. So she tumbled to the idea that Rube was just a puttin' on his grumpiness, and that he thought a heap on her yet.

Now, Saran never had er thought er doin' nothin' out er the way, but she was a woman, and she wasn't a bit sorry to be made much on, nor for that matter to be saved steps, when by its feel her foot weighed a ton now that the fever was er gettin' hold on her, and then, too, all these things on top of each other made her feel kinder chicken-hearted and cryee like.

So one night as Rube was a settin' by the table at the winder a writin' up the L. H. books that the inspector was so sharp should be writ up every night, she come an' stood sorter behind his chair and told him what she'd caught him at, and how glad she was that he weren't layin' nothin' up agin her; and then she just begged him to drop makin' b'leve mad, an' make up friends, an' eat with her an' her man reg'lar, like folks. It weren't treatin' her right to act like he wouldn't have nothin' to do with her now, 'cause he uster come to see her 'fore she married Clegg. Rube couldn't hold out no longer when she put it to him that way. So he said she should have her way, as he weren't to be there for long anyhow.

Saran was now sorter leanin' on Rube's

chair, and she put one hand on his shoulder, and told him she wanted him to do her a big favor, and to say he would before she'd tell him what 'twas. He held off, but she kept a leanin' on him till at last he said mebbe he would, if she'd tell him what 'twas without any more fuss. So she told him she wanted him to larn her to write, so she could write a letter to her old dad. Then he hung his head down, and arter a bit said if that was all she wanted, he was willin'.

Saran was that tickled she up and give him a hug and kissed him on the bald spot on top of his head. Just then she heard some body holler, and lookin' up saw old Clegg stare at her awful, and then go right down thro' the floor like a ghost, and it scart her so she just lost her senses and never know'd nothin' more till she come to in the horspittle, where the sisters had shaved her head, an' were puttin' ice bags on it in place of her hair.

Old Clegg chipped in whenever he could get a word in edgeways, and his yarn when he got it out come to about this:

He'd got some money in the house, an' some body had been a stuffin' him about river pirates and how they'd clean out his place some er them dark nights. So he'd rigged up a fixment to lay 'em out if they tried to come any of their odd-come-shorts onter him.

You know there's an iron ladder tolerble straight up from the platform they keep their coal onto. That leads to the trap-door that comes out onter the gallery deck. That trap-door is iron, and as it's right heavy, it stays tipped back, when it's raised agin the railin', by its own weight. On one side of the ladder is a rope, which at the lower end is made fast to a stanchion, and at the upper end is seized to an eye-bolt in the combing of the hatchway what the iron door shuts down inter.

Now, old Clegg had cast the rope loose from that eyebolt, and had seized it on to the ring on the under side of the trap-door in such a way that if a chap should take hold on the rope above the p'int where it was stopped to a second stanchion, to help his self up the ladder, he'd just bust his own head with the trap-door he'd pull down on to it.

Now, on the night when the row happened, old Clegg had been to Cobtown to get the

mail, an' he'd crooked his elbow mor'n wunst. Mind you tho' he never thought no evil of Rube nor of Saran. He'd got her an' Rube had lost her, an' he was willin' to be friends, an' he knew 'em both too well not to trust 'em till the cows come home. So that night when he got his head up thro' the trap, and saw Saran kiss Rube on the top er the head he know'd she'd brought him round, an' he was that glad he let go with both hands, an' swung his hat an' hurried. An' that's the way he lost his balance. An' that's what made him grab the man rope. An' that's what brought the heavy iron door down on his own head. An' that's the last he know'd till he was fatched to by a big Dutch doctor on a Bremen bound steamer, who was a fixin' up the gash across his mug that made him look so pretty now.

About here Saran piped up, and said as how, never to her dyin' day, should she fergit the awful look on Clegg's face when he went down thro' the floor. An' Clegg allowed he'd never fergit the awful feelin' that come over him when he sensed that the trap he'd set for the river pirates was er comin' down on his own fool head.

Well, it seems that when the trap knocked Clegg down the ladder, he fell slap in the light-house boat, an' in fallin' he somehow fetched loose the painter that was loosely, lubberly hitched to one of the piles, so the boat drifted with the tide, an' brought him athwart the hawse of the Bilderland as she was er slowly steamin' down the narrer channel from Baltimore, and her anchor, which was still a hangin' to her bows, stove the boat and caught into it at the same time, or he might er gone to Davy Jones' locker if the lookout on the cat-head hadn't er seen the smash. Anyhow, they hauled him in, and took care on him good.

As he was in the full uniform of the principal light-keeper, and he had the letters just outer the mail to him from the Fish Commission and the horny-what-do-you-call-him bird man, and from the Treasury Department about his accounts, and from the L. H. E. engineer at Norfolk, and from the L. H. E. inspector at Baltimore, all in long gov'ment envelopes, the Dutchmen like as not took him for some big bug, and as Clegg couldn't make out their lingo, and as they couldn't understand his beach-comber Eng-

lish, they didn't find out what a miserable, ignorant, low down coot he was, but gave him fust cabin fare and treated him like a lord.

When they got to Bremen, they sent him over to the Fishery show in London free gratis for nothin', where he reported to the officer in charge of the exhibit of the L. H. E., who was mighty glad to have the help of a real light-keeper for a little while; and Clegg swelled round there among the burners and lenses and things like he'd been sent out for that purpose. And then, when that was over, he come home in a steamer, in charge of the first lot er light-house stuff that was shipped home, and as soon as he got to Baltimore he hurried down to South street, and reported to the inspector for duty.

The inspector, who had got word from London about him, heard his fine story, and then questioned him right sharp, so that it come out that he was swiped that night his head got busted, and he just let inter Clegg good. The inspector charged up a month of the time he'd been gone to his leave of absence for the year. Then he docked his pay for the rest of the time for absence without leave. Then he charged up agin him the cost of repairs to the light-house boat that was stove by the Bilderland, and then he ordered him to take his wife from the Norfolk horspittle, if she was well enough, and to go to Cobtown at his own expense, and to take the first boat that come off from the light-house and to relieve me.

Clegg's comb was finely cut, but he hadn't lost anything arter all; for what with the tips he got when showin' off the L. H. E. lenses and things at the Fisheries Exhibition in London, and the reg'lar pay he got for doin' on it and takin' charge of the stuff comin' home, he had made money. And mebbe he thought the inspector didn't know all about that too.

Yes, he relieved me, and I went back to the L. H. E. steamer, and right glad was I to get back to my own proper work agin, you bet.

About Rube? Oh, yes, Rube was under a cloud like; but he did his work on the steamer so good, that arterwards it was throwd up to me mor'n wunst that he made a better mate nor I did, an' the inspector, who'd kep' an eye on him an' seen what a square man he was, and mebbe had got a word from Washington as to how Clegg had

turned up at the Fisheries show in London, the inspector let on as to how he was pleased with him. Well, bimeby when I got back Rube was all right, and he was ordered to relieve old Stiff-leg at Flyaway, and he went there and did it, as he said, jest to show that he was O.K. with the L. H. E.

No, the story didn't get out much, and there weren't no scandal to speak on. It got round the deestric somehow that Clegg had been sent to London to help the officer in charge of the L. H. E. exhibit, that I'd been put into Chicamicomico to study into an' report on the new way of makin' bad water in a channel show red, by puttin' a slice er ruby glass in the lantern, that Saran had been sent to a cookin' school to larn how to get up somethin' besides hog an' hominy, fish and oysters as they do on the beaches, and that Rube had been put on the steamer to larn how to run the new steam works they were puttin' inter Flyaway light-house to run the big fog signal. There was jest enough truth in these stories to make me

'spect the ole man—I beg your pardon—I mean Commander Seymour, the inspector of the Fifth light-house deestric, of lettin' 'em leak out to save talk.

What was the upshot of it all? There weren't no upshot. Rube's father died arter a while, an' his marm sent for him to come home to Casco bay an' run the farm, an' the last I hearn tell er Rube, he was er keepin' stidy company with a gal he uster go to school with, whose dad's farm jined his marm's.

Old Clegg an' Saran are at Chicamicomico yet, an' old Stiff-leg, who come there in Rube's place; an' Saran just makes the gallery blaze with all kinds er flowers what they raise in ole paint pots an' sich. The inspector put 'em up to it, givin' on 'em seeds an' slips, an' tellin' on 'em the plants would kill out the fever'n'ager; but I reckon that's one er his plans for makin' keepers do credit to the L. H. E. Saran is about the only woman left now in them screw pile lights, for most on 'em has been sent out.

ANGEL OR DEMON.

BY ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.

You call me an angel of love and of light,
A being of goodness and heavenly fire,
Sent out from God's kingdom to guide you aright
In paths where your spirit may mount and aspire.
You say that I glow like a star on its course,
Like a ray from the altar, a spark from the source.

Now list to my answer; let all the world hear it;
I speak unafraid what I know to be true:
A pure, faithful love is the creative spirit
That makes women angels. I live but in you.
We are bound soul to soul by life's holiest laws,
And if I am an angel, why, you are the cause.

As my ship skims the sea I look up from her deck.
Fair, firm at the wheel shines love's beautiful form;
And shall I scorn the barque that last night went to wreck,
By the pilot abandoned to darkness and storm?
My craft was no stauncher; she too had been lost
Had the wheelman deserted or slept at his post.

I laid down the wealth of my soul at your feet.
(Some woman does this for some man every day.)
No desperate creature who walks in the street

Has a wickeder heart than I might have, I say,
Had you wantonly misused the treasures you won,
As so many men with heart riches have done.

This fire from God's altar, this holy love flame
That burns like sweet incense forever for you,
Might now be a wild conflagration of shame,
Had you tortured my heart or been base or untrue.
For angels and devils are cast in one mould,
Till love guides them upward or downward, I hold.

I tell you, the women that make fervent wives
And sweet, tender mothers, had fate been less fair,
Are the women that might have abandoned their lives
To the madness that springs from and ends in despair.
As the fire on the hearth, which sheds brightness around,
Neglected may level the walls to the ground.

The world makes grave errors in judging these things.
Great good and great evil are born in one breast.
Love horns us and hoofs us, or gives us our wings,
And the best could be worst, and the worst could be best.
You may thank your own worth for what I grew to be,
For the demon lurked under the angel in me!

WHAT MONKEYS KNOW.*

BY HENRY HOWARD.

I.

WHEN the mental faculties and social instincts of animals in general or of monkeys in particular are compared with the psychical and social manifestations of civilized man, the distance that separates them is so enormous that it seems impossible to bridge it over. But this is because the fault is committed of only considering these two extremes of the series.

If, however, we descend to the lowest steps of the human ladder to establish man's relations with certain superior animals, the differences disappear, and striking analogies come to view. We are led to conclude that there is less moral and intellectual distance between certain monkeys and the Bushmen of South Africa, or the blacks of Australia, than between the latter and the Europeans of our great cities, who have inherited the progress accomplished by the species since the time it emerged

from a state of primitive animalism; namely, through three entire geological periods.

Many moral and intellectual phenomena that have been proven to exist among the monkeys are common to them and savage races on the one hand, and, on the other, to certain other members of the human family provided with well-developed social instincts.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that social instincts are necessarily more developed among the large man-like apes than among many smaller species, which are much more widely separated from man from an anatomical point of view, but which, on the whole, are much more perfect from the point of view of their fitness for the conditions of their arboreal life. In reality, these large anthropoid apes, with their oblique gait, are quite imperfectly developed physically; and being, on this account, seriously handicapped in the struggle for existence, they are destined to be supplanted by successors better adapted to

* *FACULTES MENTALES ET INSTINCTS SOCIAUX DES SINGES.* By M. Clemence Royer. Paris.

the upright posture of man, or to the position on all fours and the arboreal life of tree-climbing monkeys.

The gorilla of West Africa lives in small families. He is patriarchal and polygamous, several females and their young submitting to the authority of a single adult male. The chimpanzees of the same region have similar habits. But the dog-faced monkeys, almost all the smaller species of the old world, and many American species live in large herds, in a condition of sexual promiscuity; and the maternal affection that is shown with great tenderness to the young as long as they have need of it, does not seem to survive the age of infancy.

Among certain savage races analogous manners have been observed; and among all peoples traditions are preserved of a time when family ties did not exist. It is very probable there were more pronounced analogies among the human tribes that camped in the valleys of European rivers in the age of the *rhinoceros tichorinus* and of the mammoth, and in the still more ancient epoch of the *equus antiquus*.

The anthropoid apes of the present day live in small companies of polygamous families like the most miserable savages. There is reason to believe that the troglodytes of the reindeer period lived in this manner; while in the so-called Saint Acheul epoch large tribes camped along the rivers. We are unable to say whether the big monkeys lived formerly in large companies also, like the smaller species of to-day.

Does there exist among monkeys of the same blood any traces of lasting family ties? We feel disposed to admit it when we see the chimpanzees and gorillas living in little families, each consisting of a single couple and their offspring; and we are led to suppose as existing among them, particularly affectionate and exclusive sentiments, since these families live in perpetual rivalry to each other.

A recital of Mr. Savage tends, at least, to demonstrate the strength of maternal affection in the chimpanzee. "One of the females," he says, "was up a tree, when she was perceived with the male and two young ones of different sex. Her first movement was to descend in a great hurry, and to escape in the brush with the male and the young female. But as the young male re-

mained behind, she returned quickly to his assistance. She held him in her arms while climbing. At this moment she was killed by a bullet through the heart, which passed through the young one's fore-arm."

Is paternal affection equally manifest among savages? Houzeau answers this question in the negative. Many tribes of savages exist where the fathers do not know even their own children, where the names are transmitted in the female line, and where a man's heirs are the children of his sister. There is, therefore, reason to conclude that the feeling of paternity is not a constant characteristic of our species either.

Very striking examples of conjugal love are found among certain monogamous monkeys. It has been observed especially in the American marmoset, which, on the other hand, shows in the case of the females a weakness of maternal feeling. The female of this species having become tired of holding her offspring, has been seen to call the male to take care of it in his turn.

One of the marmosets of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris having died, the husband was inconsolable. He caressed for a long time the corpse of his companion, and when he was convinced of her death, he put his hand over his eyes and remained motionless, without taking food, until he succumbed himself. The macaque wandroo also has only one female, and remains faithful to her until death.

The anthropoid apes have been accused of kidnapping children and keeping them in the woods, as well as sick women. They are said to be particularly partial to negroes.

II.

HAVE monkeys a language? At least they manifest their passions, their emotions, their desires, their fears by cries and gestures, mingled with a significant gabble that differs notably from species to species.

When the bald troglodyte of Du Chaillu wanted a certain thing and was offered something else, he expressed his ill-humor by a special cry. Who will not see the expression of an idea by the sound, in the scene that Frédéric Cuvier recounts between a *jako* (*hapale jacchus*) and his female? She had a young one in the menagerie at Paris. When she was tired of holding it, she raised

herself up, uttering a sharp cry. The male instantly, as though he had heard her say, "Take the child," would take his offspring in his arms and care for it.

In the savage state, says Houzeau, monkeys naturally make use of a part of the demonstrative gesticulation that we would expect from men in analogous situations. Savage cites a curious incident in the case of a black female chimpanzee. "The mother," says he, "after seeing she was discovered, remained with her little one on the tree, following attentively with her eyes the movements of the hunters. When one of them aimed his gun at her, she made signs to him with her hands as though asking mercy, exactly as a person would do."

The attitudes and intelligence of monkeys are so human that certain savages maintain that if they do not speak it is not because they cannot, but because they are by nature a spiteful and ill-conditioned set. In fact, the monkey might pass for a mute of our species, because he does not articulate the consonants clearly as we do; but this clearness of articulation is very far from being the same among all men. There are those that are stutterers from birth, and gabble and stammer in spite of all education. Certain savages have a very poor alphabet, complicated with chattering and nasal or guttural sounds, of which no one can form an idea without hearing them.

All monkeys have voices, and some of them very powerful voices. Perhaps with the exception of the orang-outang, who is always solitary and taciturn, all the species living in communities chatter and make a tremendous hullabaloo. The principal notes of their noisy and rapid chatter (in which may be observed numerous repetitions of the same sounds, as with birds and children) are found in the languages of the most savage races. They are, for the most part, complex, strident, or guttural articulations, with very little variation; but those of certain peoples of Africa and Melanesia are hardly more rich. The language of New Zealand is without twelve of our consonants. The Indians of Port Français in British Columbia, are without the following: *b, d, f, j, p, v, x*; the Peruvians want *b, d, f, g, s, x*; the Hurons have none of the labials, *b, f, m, n, p*. On the other hand, the birds

possess a great part of the sounds of our alphabet.

It is to be remarked that the labials are precisely the letters that are wanting to the peoples at the lowest range of the human ladder, just as they are wanting absolutely in the stuttering of monkeys which have no lips; on the contrary, the first letter that an infant of the superior races pronounces is the labial *m*; it furnishes them with the root of the words *mamma, mother*. Among the Quichuas of Peru, who were the civilizers of South America, *mama* signifies *mother*, as in the Aryo-European dialects; just as among certain tribes of negroes the prefix *ma* characterizes the feminine gender.

If monkeys do not have language that we have been able to interpret up to the present, perhaps, on their side they are not incapable of understanding ours. It is certain they understand it in part, at least, since they are capable of education, capable of obeying oral commands, and the threats uttered by their instructors. "It is not improbable," says Houzeau, "that animals arrive partially at a comprehension of our discourse." They are like children of fifteen or eighteen months that begin to understand their mothers, although they do not yet know how to speak.

What is entirely lacking among monkeys are mnemonic signs analogous to writing; but they are observed just as little among people of the lowest order of social life, who live without shelter or clothing. The first marks that man leaves on his way as memorials of the deeds he wishes to perpetuate are piles of stones and branches. The Indians used to cut notches in wood to recall certain events; many peoples of America employed knotted strings. Such were the Peruvian *quipos*.

"Laughing is peculiar to mankind," said Rabelais mistakenly; for a great number of monkeys have a gift of noisy and obstreperous laughter very much like ours. Cook observed that the aborigines of the New Hebrides expressed pleasure by a guttural, hissing noise, the analogue of which is found among certain monkeys that give utterance to a kind of jerky cachinnation very much like the sound of a rattle. But all races of the human family do not laugh. The nations of the Orient, particularly the

Turks, reproach Europeans with being like monkeys, because they laugh like them.

If monkeys are susceptible of laughter and of manifesting delight, they are also capable of showing sorrow and of weeping. Humboldt says the saimiri of Peru are extremely sensitive, and that at the least cause of chagrin their eyes fill with tears. It has been asserted, on the other hand, that savages are incapable of weeping. This assertion, according to Houzeau, is contradicted by numerous observations. Hottentots have been seen to weep as well as American Indians, and the natives of Tahiti. However, the susceptibility to tears seems to diminish, *pari passu*, with sociality and sensibility in the human family; *per contra*, real tears have been observed among dogs, deer, and gazelles. Here another supposed characteristic of man disappears.

III.

At the present time it is no longer possible to doubt that monkeys hold veritable and numerously attended festivals that resemble those that the negroes of Africa, the Hottentots, and the Papuas of New Guinea celebrate to the sound of the tom-tom on moonlight nights, most frequently, however, at the time the new moon makes its appearance. The monkeys (*cebicus*) of South America assemble in the same manner when, having exhausted the resources of one place, they get ready to emigrate to another. They jump, gambol, and shout with all their might, the males running on the trees and the mother's carrying their children on their backs or in their arms.

Duvancel witnessed near Desbund in India, a grand reunion of sacred monkeys (*semnopithecus entellus*), which is repeated regularly, the inhabitants say, after a certain number of years. There were several thousands of them, which had come in large bands from different directions. Each marched with a stick in its hand; but when they arrived at the place of the festival they threw all the sticks on the same spot, and made of them an immense heap.

The festive gatherings of the black chimpanzees of Africa are still more closely related to those of the negroes. Sometimes fifty or so of them come together, and jump, yell, and using dry chunks of wood as tom-

toms, beat on them with drum sticks, which they hold in their hands and feet.

This orchestra of quadrumanes is the first attempt at music, and what is remarkable; the music is of the rudimentary form of the drum, which everywhere among the most savage and inferior races of the human family, is the first musical instrument also, and the only one that many of them possess.

If the popular reports are to be credited, quadrumanes have certain funeral ceremonies. There exists in Cochin-China a species called khi-duc, the *hai-tuh* of the Chinese, which is of a red-brown color, and less than a yard in stature, with a long and cylindrical muzzle. This monkey, according to Chinese accounts, lives in societies. When one of the band dies, the others hold a wake and funeral, burying the corpse with great ceremony.

Purchas says of the Pongo (*gorilla gina*) that it lives in bands, and that when an individual of the tribe dies, the others cover him with a great heap of branches and dead wood, such as are to be found everywhere in the forest.

IV.

MONKEYS fight among themselves, and kill and are killed, just like men. The reason each company of gorillas has only one adult male for its chief is because the strongest drives away or kills the others. When the young male gorillas grow big and acquire all their strength, they attack the old ones, and do not even hesitate at murder in order to get rid of them. In like manner several savage races of men, discovered by modern travelers, kill or abandon the aged or decrepit of their tribe when they are unable to take care of or defend themselves any longer. According to Herodotus it was the same among certain septes of the ancient Scythians. Such facts demonstrate that human morality may descend to a lower level than that of animals, or, at least, that it is nowise superior among certain races that have been arrested in their evolution.

In their combats monkeys principally make use of their hands as we do. They grasp each other body to body, "rough and tumble," to use a vulgar expression, or in the Græco-Roman style of athletes, but, alas! at the same time they try to bite each

other. However, it may be said in palliation of this, that the pronounced development of their canine teeth renders the act of biting quite natural.

And yet, they are equalled in this by members of the human species. Le Mère speaks of a savage tribe in New Guinea that use their teeth also as weapons of offense, and we are informed that the Lacedemonians, when deprived of their arms, fought with their nails and teeth.

A certain curious similarity has been noticed between the manner of entering into combat of the gorilla and that of man. Thus, this huge monkey, in advancing on the enemy, utters a piercing cry that recalls the war-cry of savages. He rushes upon his adversary while beating his breast with his fists. This same gesture is found more or less identical among savage and barbarous peoples. Barth, on his way to Timbuctoo, was attacked by negroes, who came at him beating their shields.

As to the war-cry, its usage is preserved among the most enlightened nations. The Lacedemonians in joining battle used to chant the pæan, a war song apparently common to them, and to the Pæonians of Thrace. Houzeau says he has heard on many occasions the "Texan yell," which is a cry of the most penetrating nature, and similar facts of both ancient and modern times could be cited almost *ad infinitum*.

The gorilla rushes on his foe with savage impetuosity. He advances on him allowing himself to be stopped or turned aside by neither menaces nor wounds. If the hunter that awaits him does not "kill him dead," he himself is seized and throttled before he has time to re-charge his gun.

Monkeys are in the habit of making use of projectiles. Man under the same circumstances follows the same custom. He has invented the bow and arrow, the lance and javelin. Ballistics, or the science of projectiles, have made progress from age to age, but the principle remains the same. In spite of their stupidity and indolence, the Australians handle the lance with address, and, moreover, they use the boomerang as a projectile weapon. The lance, the pike, or assegai have always been the favorite weapons of the races of the old world. However, the club made illustrious by Hercules, must have been for a long time in

general use, and the prehistoric hatchet must have served as a bludgeon very like the *morgenstern* of the Helvetians of the Middle Ages.

The monkeys that make use of sticks as projectiles do not use them in the manner of clubs or assegais; but this difference can be explained through their quadrumanal organization, which permits them almost always to seek refuge in trees, where the projectile weapon may be of service to them, and which assures them the advantage of position. The club or the lance forcing them to fight on foot on the ground would make them inferior against man, who is better fitted than they for the upright position on two legs, and who cannot follow them in trees without prehensile feet. The two zoölogical genera have, therefore, chosen the weapons best adapted to their anatomical organization.

V.

MONKEYS are susceptible of preferences and friendships, even outside of their own species. Captain Payne relates how a young chimpanzee brought by him from Africa to England, on arriving on board, presented his hand to several of the sailors, while he refused it to others with manifestations of ill humor and anger, and that without any known cause.

Monkeys have been seen to show a profound regard for their keepers, and to testify it by their caresses. The female ape, Mafuka, was greatly attached to the director of the Zoölogical Gardens in Dresden. When she was near death and he came to see her, she threw her arms around his neck, embraced him three times, then lay down again, and giving him her hand fell into her last sleep. "Her death," says Taylor, "was truly human."

Monkeys are susceptible of anger, and testify it by the same actions as men. Du Chaillu's bald chimpanzee, as has been seen already, showed marked preference for certain food. When one kind was given him and he liked another better, he would become irritated, throw what had been offered him to the ground, stamp his foot, and utter a particular cry. He conducted himself like a completely spoiled child.

Dr. Abel's orang-outang (*simia satyrus*) would get into a rage when refused the fruit

he demanded. He would roll on the ground like an angry child, uttering piercing cries.

Monkeys in a state of liberty show similar signs of anger and hatred. The green apes that Adamson pursued in the forests of Senegal, would knit their brows, grind their teeth, and scold furiously.

"The philosophers," says Houzeau, "that assert that monkeys that have once used intoxicating liquors to excess will not touch them again, are more desirous of giving us a lesson in morals than holding to the exact truth. The majority of tame monkeys are fond of wine and spirits. They help themselves when they can. They enjoy getting drunk, and some of them become such sots that they refuse to reform in spite of the most severe punishment. Besides, their intoxication resembles precisely that of man; their legs are badly controlled, their tongue is thick and its movements uncertain."

Moreover, this identity of the effects of intoxication descends much lower in the animal kingdom. Donkeys have been seen dead drunk. Horses get drunk; and if, as a general thing, dogs refuse wine, some of them are addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages when well sweetened and sufficiently diluted.

The instinct of mutual assistance among apes is in its first phases of development. They give each other aid, like men, in the same family or band, and often form a chain passing from hand to hand the fruit or other objects that they find or steal. According to Cesaro Moreno, who lived a long time in Sumatra, the greatest enemies of the inhabitants of that island, and those against whom they find the greatest difficulty in defending themselves, are the troops of monkeys that invade the gardens and even the houses when they see them open. No enclosure will protect the fruits and vegetables from their depredations. Forming a chain of themselves, they climb the walls, penetrate the windows, and pillage at their leisure. They can be seen afterwards in the forests, decorating themselves with their booty while at play. Cloths of a vivid color and objects of a metallic lustre appear to give them special pleasure.

They share them or dispute about the remnants and pieces, often wrapping themselves up in the most grotesque fashion. Then like children tired of their playthings, they leave them on the branches of trees, or

let them fall to the ground without paying any more attention to them. They appear to steal for the pleasure of stealing, even when they have no use for the articles they make way with.

Travelers assure us that monkeys pick up their comrades wounded in battle. Mr. Savage, the missionary, has observed this in the case of chimpanzees hit by bullets. "When the wound does not cause death immediately," he says, "they have been seen to arrest the flow of blood by putting their hands over the wound, and if they did not succeed in this way, they applied leaves and sods."

Houzeau compares this action with a similar procedure of the natives of the New Hebrides. When Captain Cook was at Tanna, in those islands, a sentry fired at a group of natives. One of these fell after having taken a few steps in an effort to escape. Two of his comrades, who were running also, stopped to pick him up. They carried him to the water, washed the wound, and then didn't bother themselves any more about him. Their assistance did not go even as far as that of the chimpanzees.

VI.

THE sharpness of perception of our domestic animals which warns them of unexpected danger, such as the approach of ferocious animals or even human enemies, is well recognized. Well, the monkey shows the same aptitude with a still more subtle perceptive power.

Le Vaillant tells how the pavian (*cercopithecus kus*) that accompanied him in his travels in Africa, was his most certain guardian. He would cry out or give other signs of fear when the dogs discovered nothing. At his glance, or according to the movements of his head, the dogs would rush to the side he indicated, rendering thus homage to his perspicacity.

The intelligence of monkeys in their wild state has been confirmed by all travelers, who are compelled to be ever on their guard against their malicious tricks. It is not wise to attack their bands; for they defend themselves always with energy and almost without danger from the tops of the high trees, where they take refuge and have nothing to fear but the gun.

Pearce is persuaded that monkeys under-

stand the use of this weapon, and cites in proof of it an occurrence that passed before his eyes between the inhabitants of Tigre and some Tartarean baboons, the *cynocephali* of the ancients. "These monkeys," says he, "having entered a field of wheat, drove away the guards in spite of their clubs and stones. Several inhabitants of the village came to their aid; but even then the baboons retired only slowly, seeing that their adversaries had no fire arms."

Robert Lade, speaking of his excursion in the monkey forests of the Cape of Good Hope, says the same: "As we had no reason to kill them, we did not use our guns. However, the captain took aim at a very large monkey that was sitting at the summit of a tree, after we had tired ourselves by a long pursuit of him. Perhaps the animal remembered to have seen sometime the consequences of this menace, for he was so frightened that he fell motionless at our feet, and we caught him without any trouble." "According to this recital," says Houzeau, "it is clear that the animal, seeing himself aimed at, looked at himself as a dead monkey."

Curiosity among certain species of these animals is not purely passive, and their attitude of attention is not always the effect of astonishment. Their imitative instincts are known; but to imitate it is essential to know how to observe.

The orang-outang of the Jardin de Plantes, being one day visited by Flourens and Geoffroy St. Hilaire, did not cease to observe the latter with great attention. When he had scrutinized him well, he took a cane, and stooping like an old man, imitated his illustrious visitor. Buffon's black orang-outang used to take his meals like a well-bred person, eat with knife and fork, employed a napkin, and helped himself to wine. When he wanted to take some tea he prepared his cup and saucer. He put in the sugar, poured the tea, and waited for it to cool.

The impulse to steal and burglarize is very general among monkeys; almost as general as among savage races.

Mr. Cobs had a young orang-outang to whom he gave half an orange every day. He put the other half on the top of a cupboard, and lay down on the sofa. The movements of the orang attracting his attention,

he pretended to be asleep. The animal approached him cautiously in order to assure himself that he slept; then climbing on the cupboard, he ate the rest of the orange, hid the peel carefully under some shavings in the chimney, examined the pretended sleeper again, and then went and lay down himself. "This manner of procedure," says Taylor, "can only be explained by a sequence of thoughts necessitating the existence of that which, with us, is called reason."

Bennett had a young gibbon siamang (*hylobates syndoctytus*). He had scolded him several times for having put various objects out of place, and especially once or twice for having meddled with a certain piece of soap. "One morning while busy writing," says this traveler, "the monkey was in the cabin. Glancing at him, I saw the little beggar was taking the soap. I watched him without his being aware of it. He cast from time to time a furtive glance in my direction. I made believe to write, and he seeing me occupied went off with the soap in his paw. When he was at the middle of the cabin I spoke to him quietly without frightening him. When he perceived that I had seen him, he retraced his steps, and put the soap nearly in the same place from where he had taken it."

There was certainly something more than instinct in this conduct. The monkey showed clearly by his first and by his second action that he knew he was doing wrong. What is reason if not the exercise of this faculty? Can we, with some show of right, infer from it the existence of moral ideas and the conception of good and evil such as we comprehend it? Bennett's monkey can have had solely the consciousness of doing what was displeasing to his master and what would bring him punishment. "He could solely," as Houzeau observes, "make the distinction between what was permitted and what was forbidden by a power to which he must submit." Indeed, among the greater part of men in a state of nature, and even among civilized human beings, morality has no other basis.

From the above facts the acute intelligence of monkeys becomes evident; their powers of observation, attention, reflection, deliberation, and voluntary choice between several possible determinations. The same aptitudes become manifest that are observed

in young children, as well as among peoples meagerly developed from a sociological point of view.

VII.

Up to the present time the instinct that seems most characteristic of the human species is the industrial instinct. Man is an animal that makes himself tools and weapons. The stone hatchet has characterized everywhere the primitive stage of savagery. But the rough stone is an implement of a few animals, even among the birds. The thrush (*turdus musicus*) breaks the univalve shells that it finds in the woods by striking them against stones. The monkey, however, takes the stone in his hand.

Darwin relates that there was at his time in London an old monkey, who, having lost his teeth, always used a stone to break the nuts he received. There was a sajou (*cebus*) in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris that used to break nuts with a stone when he couldn't break them with his teeth. One day when he was by himself in the cage, he was given several nuts, which he succeeded in cracking with the exception of one. He then began to descend to the ground to get a stone; but having found on his way a big nail half buried in a post, he struck his nut against this nail with much dexterity, and cracked it in this manner.

It is not true that monkeys in a state of nature make fires, nor that they keep them up when they find them kindled. Travelers on quitting their camps often leave the remains of fires behind them. Monkeys, such as the gorillas, approach in the morning and warm themselves until the embers of the fire are naturally extinguished; "for they have not sufficient intelligence to keep the brands together," says Battell.

The use of fire is not natural and instinctive with any race of animals; it is not natural and instinctive, or rather it has not always been so, with man, since peoples are known that are entirely ignorant of it, and since the traditions of all nations speak of a time when they were unacquainted with its use. Almost all knew how to use it and preserve it a long time before they could kindle it.

VIII.

MONKEYS are well fitted for certain domestic services, and they fulfill them with pleasure.

The natives of Madagascar train for hunting the lemur ape, the short-tailed indri (*indri brevis caudatus*), which renders them the same services as a dog. These people do not possess cattle. Pyraud says that in his time the settlers at Sierra Leone used to employ chimpanzees to bring water and to put in the mortars the grain for crushing. They would carry the water in jars on their heads, but would let them fall unless immediately relieved of them on their arrival.

In Breton's Chinese drawings the artist represents on the precipitous steepes of Chantsung (places hardly accessible to man) monkeys of a diminutive species that have been sent thither to pick the leaves of the tea-plant. The ancient Egyptians used to obtain valuable services from the cynocephalus, employing him sometimes as a domestic, sometimes as a laborer.

De Grandpré, an officer of the French navy, speaks of a female chimpanzee that would heat the oven aboard ships; and judging herself of the degree of heat required, she would go for the cook at the right time. She would turn the capstan with the sailors, ascend the yards with them, and belay the ropes as well as any of the ship's company.

Buffon mentions another female chimpanzee at Loango that made the beds, swept the house, and helped to turn the spit.

It is necessary to tame monkeys before instructing them; but as the quadrumanes breed while in captivity, there is no room to doubt that the principal species might be trained to become good servants. Each individual would have to be taught the particular work required of him.

The females could be trained to take care of children. They would even make excellent wet nurses, their milk being rich in butter. We do not doubt that these truths will strike, at no remote time, the residents in Africa and Asia, of European origin, who are in a condition to procure the anthropoid species. We foresee the time when the simian races propagated by the care of man, shall render immense services in every-day life and in the industries, and shall contribute to the general progress.

Richard Owen, comparing the psychical phenomena of a chimpanzee to those of a Bushman, or of a Cretin, the development of whose brain has been arrested, discovers no

dividing line between them. All that is perceived, says he, reduces itself to a difference in degree. Agassiz finds the resemblance complete between the mental faculties of an infant and a young chimpanzee. But the one goes farther than the other in development; the infant becomes a man; therefore, there is solely a difference in quantity. "The passions of animals cover the same field as those of man," says this

naturalist. "I fail to perceive between them a difference of species, however great may be their differences of degree and the variety of their modes of expression. The shades between the higher faculties of the most superior animals and those of man are, besides, so insensible, that refusing to the animals a certain degree of feeling and responsibility, would be to exaggerate the difference between them and man."

A NIGHT IN CHINATOWN.

BY GEORGE H. FITCH.

SCOTT, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," wrote:

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

There is the best authority for the statement that the poet never saw the ruined abbey by night; he left that task to his admirers. The tourist who wishes to see San Francisco's Chinatown, and the reader who can see it only by proxy, may be assured that like Melrose Abbey it looks best by night. Under the flickering gas-light the grime that covers its buildings looks simply like the touch of time; squalid ruin is transformed into picturesque decay; burning incense, many-colored lanterns, illuminated balconies, brilliantly-lighted shops, Rembrandt depths of shadow in narrow alleys—all these features the night brings forth. When day comes Chinatown looks like the tinsel-gilt circus hero behind the scenes. You simply see that it is unspeakably dirty, and that what looked like an Oriental pagoda by moonlight is merely a tumble-down rookery, for which some anti-Chinese Californian draws a large rent from the heathen.

Nearly every stranger that comes to San Francisco is wild to see Chinatown. He wants to see it all. He wants to be shocked by the Oriental depravity that he has heard so much about, or if he is one of the large class who believes that the Chinese are a much-maligned race of virtuous and enlightened people, he desires to see for himself that John Chinaman has been libeled. Occasionally a traveler like Froude declines to submit to the unpleasant ordeal, but the great majority indulge in this Oriental

"slumming." They come out of it with a confused impression of tortuous alleys, underground dens reeking with the odor of tobacco and opium, and faces so villainous that they haunt one's dreams like the Malay that tyrannized over De Quincey's opium-fed imagination.

The Californian has small curiosity about the Chinese. He can see a miniature Chinatown in every village in the state. No place is too remote for John, so long as it promises work that pays. This singular Oriental people—who claim to have had all the modern inventions before the Christian, but who have never utilized a single one of them—has no attraction for the Californian. He lets the Eastern and European tourist study this great curiosity just as he allows them to pay the high price exacted for glimpses of the wonders of the Yosemite. His contempt for the Chinaman is only equaled by the Chinaman's contempt for him. On both sides the repugnance is instinctive, and familiarity doesn't lessen it. At heart the coolie that has lived on the Pacific coast for twenty years is as thorough a Chinaman as though he had remained all these years in sight of the tombs of his ancestors. He retains his queue, his dress, and his vices. He looks always on Canton or Peking as the Frenchman abroad regards Paris, and he has the true Gallic contempt for all other nations as barbarians. No doubt this contempt for all people that do not wear a queue forms a large part of the armor of impassive reserve that protects the Chinese in all straits, and wards off the curiosity of the foreigner.

The Chinese quarter of San Francisco oc-

cupies a space six blocks long by four blocks wide. The quarter has a very irregular fringe jutting out here and there, and it is constantly encroaching upon the neighboring blocks. It covers the site of the busiest

were sheathed with sheet-iron or tin to preserve them from the tooth of time. The quarter lies in the fairest portion of the city, on the slopes of the Clay and Jackson street hills. From it one may look out on the



STREET IN CHINATOWN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER.)

commercial activity of the young city in the fifties. Most of the buildings are, therefore, historical landmarks, ambitious structures in their day, but now given over to squalor and ruin. Several were brought around Cape Horn and put up here, while others

noble bay and the amphitheater of hills that surrounds it.

The streets were originally well-paved and sewered, and many of the buildings, when they first fell into the hands of the Chinese, had some pretensions to architectural ele-

gance. The touch of the Celestial has changed all this. The houses are dingy and grimy with the accumulation of years of dirt. The lintels of the doors are grimy, and the halls look like the entrance to the den of some wild beast. Where windows are broken, the hole is stopped with bits of rag or paper. In a word, the Chinese have an Oriental's contempt for the exterior of his domicile.

Upon the numerous balconies overhanging the streets and the narrow alleys may be seen pots of Chinese lilies and other flowers, but the plants seem out of place in their squalid surroundings. In the alleys these balconies jut out tier upon tier, until, looking up, one can see only a narrow line of blue sky between the encroaching houses. The filth of years covers the balustrade and floors of these balconies, and noisome water drips down upon the passers-by. The first floor of the buildings on the two main business streets is given up to trade. These stores, with their brightly painted fronts in green, red, or yellow, their signs in black or gold letters, and their neatly arranged stock, present a very picturesque appearance. But adjoining a large wholesale dealer in curios or lanterns will be a wretched butcher shop, from which the odor is overpowering. The cellars are swarming with life, and are chiefly devoted to the barbers, whose occupation is honorable and lucrative, custom demanding that the head be shaved at least twice a week.

But let us not longer defer a night stroll through Chinatown. At any of the large hotels you may secure the services of a guide, who will take you through many of the most curious places, and furnish you with the usual stereotyped information. For my part I have always preferred the guidance of an intelligent detective, whose business it has been to make himself thoroughly familiar with all parts of the quarter. With such an officer, I started out recently one night about ten o'clock, for a round of the characteristic sights.

Although fairly acquainted with Chinatown, I was never before so much impressed with the number and restlessness of the people. The brightly-lighted shops are crowded, the sidewalks are thronged, the vendors of sweet-meats, sugar-cane, and various hot dishes are doing a lively trade.

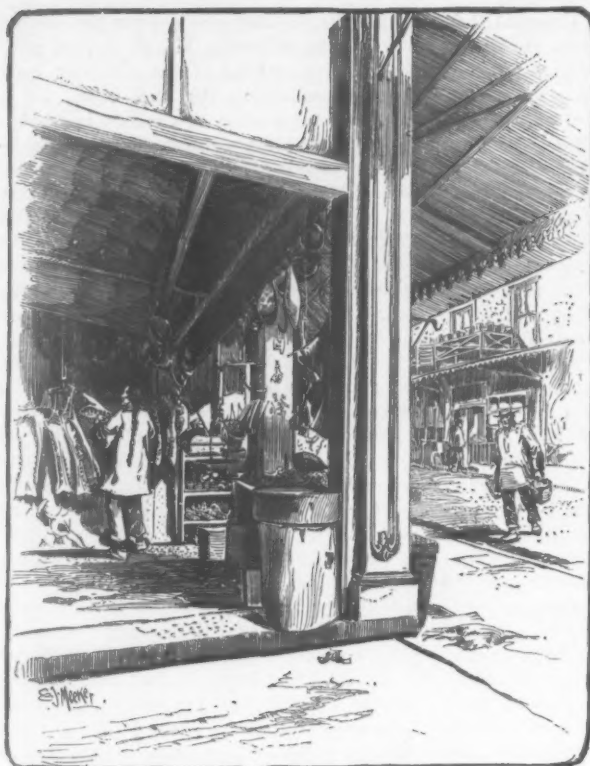
In the far distance one catches the strains of a Chinese orchestra. The air is vocal with the harsh sing-song of the Chinese, each speaker prolonging the final vowel till it gives the impression of a refrain in a song.

The chatter is deafening. From the wide-open window overhead a Celestial is holding animated converse with a heathen at my side. One would fancy from their wild gestures and great excitement that they were about to end a quarrel with an appeal to arms; but when translated the colloquy is simply resolved into a discussion of whether they shall go to the theater or not.

In all the shops men are gathered, apparently more for gossip than for trade. Near the entrance, sitting under a bright gas-light, is the chief accountant, making up the transactions of the day. He works with a brush, forming beautiful characters in his book, which has the shape and general appearance of a song-book. The others sit about on chairs or boxes, and indulge in pipe or cigar. This is about all the social life of the Chinese, for even though he be married, he spends little time in converse with his wife. The female intellect he has a supreme contempt for, and there are few subjects outside of her household duties and her children upon which the Chinese woman would venture an opinion. It must be remembered also that only a very few of these Chinese have any families in this country. The stores, opium joints, and gambling dens of Chinatown are the only places where they can seek recreation.

After the preternatural activity of the Chinese, which makes upon the observer the same impression produced by a study of one of Doré's sketches of the lost souls of Dante, forever toiling in the gloom of the nether world, the next thing that strikes the stranger is the peculiar odor that fills the air, and that resembles a combination of very bad tobacco smoke and the pungent fumes from the punk that the American small boy uses on the Fourth of July to light his fire-crackers. Mingled with this is the smell of unclean streets, the whole making a combination not easily forgotten.

The Abbe Huc, who traveled in China in native dress, declared that he could readily deceive the people in regard to his nationality, as he spoke the language perfectly, and as long exposure had stained his skin



MEAT SHOP IN CHINATOWN.

to a copper color; but the Chinese dogs always barked at his heels, because they detected the absence of the national odor. This smell is due partly to the coolie's custom of sleeping in his clothes, but mainly to the fact that the constant smoking of opium and tobacco, and the preparation of food at open fires, subject the dweller in a Chinese house to perpetual fumigation. Hence, the smoky odor clings to him, and not even the breezes of the Pacific have power to dislodge it.

In one way the fumigation is a great advantage to John Chinaman. It destroys the germs of many diseases, and it secures to him an immunity from many complaints that attack the Caucasian. The Chinese disregard of the simplest sanitary regulations would cost the race dear, were it not that it is saved by this smoke quarantine against a host of zymotic and other diseases. But though wholesome, this all-pervading

smoke is by no means pleasant. It forms one of the chief obstacles to pleasure in "slumming."

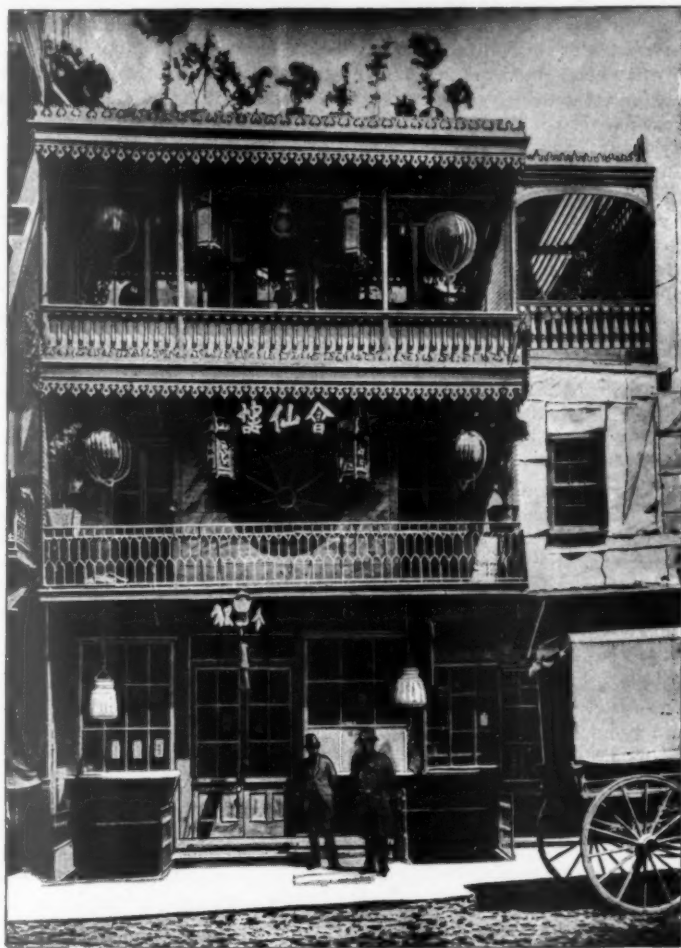
One cannot walk more than a block in any of the Chinese streets without coming upon a meat shop. Its odor greets the nostrils long before the eye has taken in the collection of dainties that appeal to the Chinese epicure. The most conspicuous article is fresh pork, cut up into small pieces. Then there is a great variety of dried and smoked poultry, imported from the Flowery Kingdom, the favorite being the domestic goose. Brains of sheep and beef, liver, and unwholesome looking patties, which seem to be first cousins to the English meat dumpling, are artistically arranged on little counters. The Chinaman is nothing if not epicurean. He pays the highest price for the early dainties in market, and he has the southern negro's fondness

for chickens of "fryin' size." In early days in the mines, when vegetables were a luxury, I have known Chinese miners to pay a dollar apiece for small cucumbers, of which they are excessively fond. They are liberal patrons of the hucksters that carry fruit and melons through the quarter, for despite his economy in other ways, John Chinaman can seldom resist the temptation offered by a ripe water-melon or a luscious peach.

Near the meat shop is the finest restaurant in Chinatown. It has open balconies, and its front of ornamental work in black, red, and gold is brought out in strong relief by the electric light. Fancy the invention of the closing years of the nineteenth century used to reveal the wisdom of Confucius, or some equally venerable Chinese classic. A dinner party is evidently being given on the top floor, for the upper balcony is brilliant with lanterns, and the air is resonant with the clash of cymbals and the ear piercing

notes of the one-stringed fiddle. Looking up at this gorgeous Oriental balcony, blazing with red and gold, and listening to the strains of this barbaric minstrelsy, one seems to be transported beyond sea. The odors and sounds of Canton are on the air; the language of Canton is in one's ears; the

Through the shop on the ground floor, where cakes and other products of the bakery are sold, one ascends the stairway to the second floor, which is fitted up with cheap round tables surrounded by wooden stools. This is for the plebeians that expect to get a meal for ten cents. The next floor



CHINESE RESTAURANT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER.)

illusion is complete, until the spluttering of the electric light dispels the vision of dream-land, and brings one back to the prosaic street, which by this time is crowded with coolies, eager to catch glimpses of the pleasures from which poverty debars them.

The entrance to the restaurant is mean.

is handsomely furnished; the chairs and tables are of old oak and cherry wood, and many of the seats are richly inlaid with variegated marble. On the walls are illuminated texts from Confucius, inculcating temperance and other virtues, while from the ceiling swing several lamps of bronze

and colored glass, which are genuine works of art.

Here one may get a satisfactory cup of tea, a dish of preserved ginger, and a few cakes for "two bits," or a quarter of a dollar. The tea alone, made from the tender-stems of the plant and unspoiled by milk or sugar, is well worth tasting. It is tea such as the Russian noble drinks, but which, unfortunately, is never sent to this benighted country, content with oolong and hyson. Here, as elsewhere in Chinatown, one is struck with the great courtesy of the shop-keepers. They readily answer any questions, and they allow the stranger to examine all parts of their establishments, evidently regarding his curiosity as a compliment.

A block away from the restaurant is the Chinese theater. From midday to midnight the doors are open, and a performance is usually in progress. One enters at a shabby door, climbs a few stairs, and then passes directly into the main auditorium, a room that will seat two thousand people. It is bare of all decoration. The main floor, which rises gradually to the back of the room, is filled with plain wooden benches. There is a long gallery above, while a short gallery on either side, near the stage, serves for the women and children and for any foreign visitors. There is no curtain for the stage, the performers entering through portiers from each side. I have witnessed many plays in this temple of the Celestial drama, but the music always seems the same, and much of the "business" of the actors is merely repetition of the same gestures and gymnastic feats. The actors, of course, are all men, and the cleverest work is done by those that personate women.

The "make-up" of some of these men is admirable, and the skill with which they imitate the high, falsetto female voice, and the singular feminine walk, can be appreciated by any one that has seen the Chinese woman out for an airing. The orchestra is usually composed of seven musicians, who sit at the back of the stage, and play without much intermission from the beginning to the end of the performance. The leading instruments are the fiddle, the cymbals, the gong, and the drum. The fiddle tyrannizes over the rest of the music, and rises superior even to the clash of the cym-

bals. It has only a single string, and the notes evolved from it pierce the ear like a knife. The man that performs upon the fiddle alternates with the cymbals, while his next neighbor beats, in rhythmical measure, on a huge brazen gong, which is pendent from the ceiling. The other performers play upon drums, one of metal and the other of polished wood. The music is said to bear a striking resemblance to that of the Egyptians. It is all in the minor key, and from a distance it has a weird and melancholy sound. Heard near at hand, however, it has a tendency to produce headache, and to rasp the nerves.

The Chinese play is beneath contempt from both a literary and dramatic standpoint. The action is slow and halting, the humor is thin and flat; a large measure of time is consumed by the chants of the leading actors, who celebrate themselves, as Walt Whitman would say; the stage accessories are as primitive as in Shakespeare's time; the spectators are restless, passing in and out, and a tall, gaunt Celestial, with a huge basket of fruit and sweetmeats, wedges his way between the closely packed rows of humanity, and is rewarded by liberal patronage. Coarse horse-play seems to appeal the most strongly to the audience, and the leading man, who is imported from China and receives from eight thousand to ten thousand dollars a year, is forced to do a large amount of gymnastic exercise, whirling about like a dancing dervish, and fencing savagely with a long spear with a succession of antagonists. A half-hour of the play, even when one can secure a running translation of the speeches, is as much as the American spectator can endure.

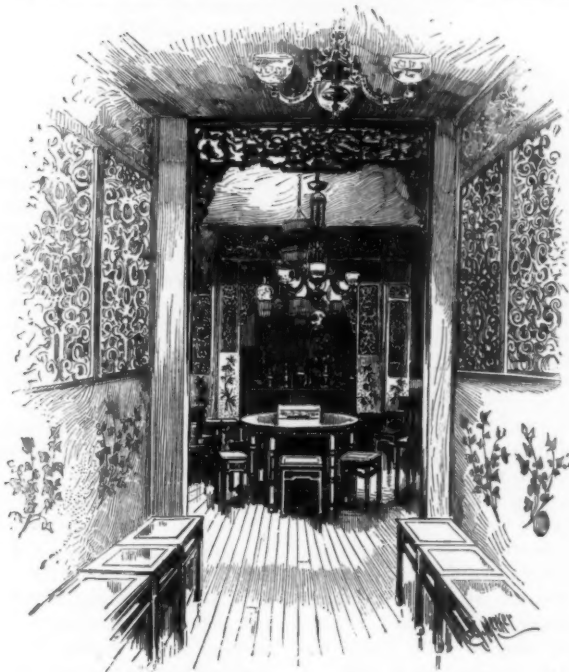
From the theater one may step across the street to one of the finest Joss houses in the city. The building has some pretensions to elegance of architecture, the front having been Orientalized by balconies, with carved wood-work, richly painted. Before the shrine, which is carved in oak, gilded, and painted, a flame is always burning, and bits of lighted punk make a pleasant aroma. The Joss is usually a hideous creature, bearing some resemblance to Buddha, and at his side are lesser deities, who are placated by gifts of bread and burning tapers. There is something perfunctory in the worship of the Chinese. He seems to have small reverence

for his Joss ; it is mainly superstition, the gambler's dread of ill-luck, that prompts him to make votive offerings at this shrine. Of any higher religious sentiment the Chinese appear to be as destitute as the South Sea islander.

All these places simply reveal the better side of Chinese life. If one cares to look on the seamy side, he may view it in the great lodging-houses, the opium and gambling dens, the brothels, and the thieves' quarter. One of the lodging-houses, which holds nearly one thousand persons, may be taken as a fair specimen of the coolie's way of life. The building, which was originally a four-story structure, has been converted into double this number of floors. In the main hall on the top and lower floors are arrangements for cooking, and each lodger has the privilege of using the common fire. Adjoining this co-operative kitchen are the water-closets, always out of repair, and it is no uncommon sight to see the Chinese standing on bits of brick and stone, and placidly cooking, while the floor is covered with the overflow from the choked closets,

and the atmosphere is like that of a huge cattle-stable at the East when thrown open on a winter morning. The coolie seems to be able to live without air, for in the closets that serve as rooms in the great human hive there are never any means of ventilation, day or night. Yet, the occupants appear to thrive, and if capacity to do hard work is a sign of health, they are in good physical condition.

The opium dens and the gambling places are no longer among the show places of Chinatown, but they exist, and if you engage a Chinese guide there is no difficulty in viewing these resorts. The method of smoking opium may, however, be seen in any store. Back of each store is a small room, to which the proprietor invites a customer during the arduous work of making a sale. On one side of this room is a couch about three feet high, generally covered with matting or rugs. Here, on a tray, is an opium "lay-out," pipe, opium, lamp, and other fixtures. The merchant and his customer will recline on the couch, one on each side of the tray. One will take the opium,



INTERIOR OF A CHINESE RESTAURANT.



JOSS HOUSE.

which resembles molasses on a cold day, and heating it over the flame of the lamp, will twist it round and round until the dark, viscid mass becomes a golden yellow, and gives off an odor something like that of burned sugar. Then he will place it over the small holes in the bowl of the pipe, and his companion will draw in several deep breaths from the slim end, and after a moment will expel the smoke through his nostrils. This process is repeated for every pipe smoked, so that the opium "fiend" must spend two or three hours in getting under the influence of the drug.

The regular opium dens are few in number now, because of the street police surveillance. They are usually wretched cellars, with coarse bunks around the walls, for the idea that the devotee of opium demands luxurious surroundings is pure fiction. When a man or woman falls under the bondage of opium, self-respect is lost. I have seen a man, who was very fastidious

before he acquired the opium habit, lying side by side with a dirty coolie, each taking alternate puffs at the same pipe, while in the next bunk was stretched, in the deep sleep that opium brings, a wretched outcast of the street, who once claimed to be a woman. The hopeless misery stamped upon the drawn and pallid face of the sleeping opium-smoker is the most powerful argument against the use of the drug; yet, the vice is increasing rapidly in San Francisco among the young hoodlums of both sexes, who defy the police by smoking the drug in their own rooms.

Perhaps the most forbidding feature of Chinese life is the neglect of the sick and the suffering. Ill fares the coolie that falls sick in Chinatown. He may be provided with the necessities of life by his society, but of medical attendance or proper care he will get none. Nearly every week the police discover some wretched unfortunate that has been left to die in an underground den by

unnatural relatives or friends. Slow starvation in a noisome cellar, in the horror of thick darkness, with vermin swarming over the helpless sufferer—such is the fate that has befallen many a poor creature in Chinatown.

Several years ago the professional guides used to show the Eastern tourist a singular spectacle of death-in-life existence in one of the Chinese cellars. After crawling through a long, narrow alley, the party would come into a central court, upon which a number of rooms opened. Knocking upon the door of one of these rooms, a Chinese woman stepped forth, carefully feeling her way by the door-post. Her wide-open eyes had the whitish look of hopeless blindness, and she mutely held out her hand for the small coin that was her expected gratuity. She had been abandoned by her friends, and her sole support depended on the chance gifts of visitors. She had lived for months in this cellar, in a room no larger than a closet. Without window or means of ventilation, without fire, without work, without friends—has solitary confinement in prison anything more terrible than this?

After more than thirty years of residence in San Francisco, the Mongolian is little better known to the authorities than he was when the gold rush first brought him to the coast. He is entirely beyond the control of our laws now, as he always has been. He metes out unsparing vengeance upon delinquents of his own race, precisely as though he were in his native province of Quoang Tung. He has secret tribunals and a code of law which are inscrutable mysteries to Americans, as they are to all other foreigners. He practices polygamy, indulges in slavery as many of the Indian tribes do, and the law fails to reach him as it fails to reach them. In fact, the Chinese in California to-day are a living satire on all our laws. They break many of the laws openly and defiantly; others they evade by cunning. The arrests are mainly for the minor offences, such as gambling and violating the ordinance designed to prevent overcrowding in tenements. About one-tenth of the criminals in the two state prisons in California are Chinese.

But these convicted felons bear no just proportion to the crimes committed by Mongolians; for it must always be borne in

mind that the Chinese on the Pacific coast represent only the lowest and most reckless class: nine-tenths of them are coolies or virtual slaves, half-starved from birth, and driven by stress of hunger to crime. These, swarming into Canton and Hong-kong, came over to this country when the gold rush began, and later, when the Pacific railroads demanded an army of laborers, the coolies were gathered up by the thousand, and shipped across the ocean. They were natural adventurers, and it is not strange that in the newer land they robbed and murdered as they had done at home. Even now, when much of this old lawless element has been cleared out, the Chinese here cannot be taken as fair types of their race any more than the wretched Hungarians and Italians landed under contract at Castle Garden can be said to represent the people of Kossuth and Mazzini. They are the scum of the nation, because emigration is something that the well-born Chinese looks upon in the same light as the Irishman of good family. It means expatriation, and among people like the Chinese, who make veneration for ancestors a part of their religion, it is resorted to only when the old country denies them safety or support.

The best proof of the low caste of the Chinese in California is afforded by their faces. It is rare that one sees an intelligent face with any signs of good-breeding in a stroll through the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. A few wholesale merchants there are of fine education, and the consulate contains several Chinese of high rank. These men have regular features, a clean skin, and great dignity of manner. In their rich silken dresses they stalk through the crowds of unsavory coolies with an air that seems to say: "There are human swine whose touch would defile the hem of our garments." In fact, there is no greater living personification of pride of station than the Chinese mandarin. With his strongly marked features, his clear, pale, olive skin, his intelligent eye, and his haughty bearing, he presents the greatest contrast to the meager, stunted frame, the flat, Tartar face with its complexion resembling old bacon, the low, cunning expression, and the mixture of servility and insolence of the coolie. Most of the Chinese merchants of San Francisco give plain evi-

dence of their plebian birth, and show that they are simply well-fed coolies, dressed in silk.

The capacity of the Chinese for dull, plodding work has made him a dangerous competitor to the white man or woman in all manufacturing industries. He takes kindly to the sewing machine. He has muscles of steel, so that he can drive a machine of the heaviest pattern for ten or twelve hours a day, six days in the week. He has no nerves; hence his stolidity and dogged patience render him invaluable in an occupation that incapacitates many female operatives from nervous exhaustion. Look into this shop on Clay street where women's undergarments are made. The floor is fitted with sewing machines arranged in two rows. At each machine sits a Chinaman, with a lamp at his head. The whirring of the machines sounds like the hum of a great cotton factory. Not a head is raised as you curiously watch their work. Each machine, with its rapidly revolving wheel and its swiftly flying needle, flashing like one long line of light as it goes in and out of the white cloth, is not more automatic and unhuman than the creature that sits behind it and directs its activity.

Soon one perceives that the lower floor does not form the whole shop. Above are other workers, the exact counterpart of those below in feature and incessant machine-like motion. A flying gallery has been thrown around three sides of the room, and although the original height of the store was not more than twelve feet, its capacity has been increased nearly fifty per cent. by this space-saving device. The perspiration stands in beads on the faces of these workers in the gallery, but they seem to take no heed of heat or foul air.

These men keep their places till midnight, when by a city ordinance work must cease.

The same spectacle, with variations, is presented in the shoe and broom and cigar factories. What appalls one in contemplating it is the tireless activity of these people, their infinite capacity for drudgery, unrelieved by any recreation save gambling. The wash houses scattered all over the city show the same features of marvelous industry. Work goes on till late in the evening, day and night shifts succeeding each other, and the sleepers lying down to unquiet dreams under the ironing tables at which they have slaved for twelve hours, and in an atmosphere of steaming linen, which makes the room resemble the main chamber of a Russian bath.

Is it any wonder that the Caucasian is "played out" and "ruined by Chinese cheap labor," when this race from over the sea exhibits such abnormal capacity for work, and such rare skill in adapting itself to new surroundings. Of mean physique, with gaunt figure, sloping shoulders, small arms, and bandy legs—still, the Chinaman will tire out the most robust white man in many occupations, and will prove invulnerable to all the complaints that are so fatal to large bodies of workmen of other nationalities. The coolie in California will live on a few pounds of rice per day; if he can add to this a half-pound of pork the limit of his desire is reached; not that he does not like good living and American cooking, but these things are not included in his estimate of the essentials. After living on the fat of the land in an American household, he will return to his old plain rice diet apparently without a murmur. He has no expensive wants. He has no family to maintain. He is like a soldier in a great military camp. Before competition with such a creature the American working man may well be paralyzed.



SIGNOR IO.

BY SALVATORE FARINA.

Translated from the Italian by W. H. Allen, M. A.

V.

[From Marcantonio's Note-Book.]

THE scene that followed in the kitchen was brief.

Anna Maria had remained in the ante-chamber, not daring to follow me. I found my daughter lying on her face on a heap of firewood, as if she wanted to embrace it.

I leaned against the stove, and said quietly :

"Serafina, the moment has come to choose between your father and your seducer. Serafina, what did you say a little while ago to that man?"

And when my daughter answered only with sobs, I repeated the question with measured slowness.

"Serafina, what did you say a little while ago to that man?"

She lifted her tearful face, and said to me in a weak voice :

"I have sworn to love him always."

Such obstinacy would have put a saint into a passion.

"And I swear," said I solemnly, "I swear that I shall never give my consent. I swear," I continued, getting warmer, "if you marry that man against my will, you will cease to be my daughter forever."

"Do not swear, papa, do not swear!" she murmured.

She dragged herself after me as far as the door, murmuring all the time :

"Oh, papa, do not swear!"

I have thought many a time of that strange mixture of tears and obstinacy of which my daughter was composed. She worshipped me, I could not doubt it; but she had promised that buffo to be his, at the cost of her own peace, of her own future, and of her father's future; and because she had promised, she was going to stick to it. She would have slain me weeping, and would have died of grief herself rather than fail in a pledge once given.

I understand these poor resisting souls that are armed with weakness; they are the

souls that, being vanquished, remain invincible.

The bitter thought began to enter my brain that it would be a question of yielding to the weakness of my daughter. Two days afterwards I became convinced of it.

Here is what the buffo Curti wrote me :

"In three months your daughter will have completed her twentieth year, and will be her own mistress by virtue of the laws that govern us. She has sworn to be mine, and I have sworn that I will be to her husband, father, friend, everything. Decide."

I made my decision quickly. I did not answer the letter, but expected from that time forth better days. Time gave back such days as we had lived before. My daughter's cheerfulness returned when the buffo left for the Azores; she thrummed on the piano the Barber of Seville and Crispino when reports arrived of the triumphs of her innamorato.

Finally, one morning she awoke weeping more than usual, so that she came and sat at the table with her eyes red and swollen. It was the day on which she completed her twentieth year.

A month afterwards, Iginio Curti was again in Milan, and bore away my daughter to make her his wife. Of this brutality, committed through the incitement of the civil code, I have all the particulars engraven on my mind.

The two despicable creatures—the one radiant all the while, and the other lachrymose—were desirous of sparing me the scandal of the proceeding, and applied to me for the necessary consent. I was willing, however, that they should intimate to me my duty to give a futile refusal, and this I gave in writing, after which I departed. It was tacitly understood that on my return I would find my house deserted. During my absence they were married and went away, and two weeks afterwards I re-entered my empty home to take up anew the life of a bachelor.

Serafina had left a sheet of paper on the writing desk, in which she implored my pardon, and gave me her address abroad.

I wrote at the bottom of the same sheet these sole words: "I no longer have a daughter," and directed it to Bucharest, *poste restante*.

VI.

I TRIED to accustom myself to my new life. At first I could not make it go. The café where I went formerly to take my *vermuth* and to read the newspapers before breakfast, had failed. The family that had taken in my washing, having fallen into an inheritance, had given up that small industry. The soups of the restaurants seemed to me too fat. The sharp wines burned my throat; the heavy wines weighed on my stomach. In the evening I did not know what to do with my time, because the comedy in Milan is expensive, and I was in ill humor with the opera after the trick it had played me.

Before turning again to the Viennese beer and boiled ham, before taking up again my post of honor at the table of the young officers, before enjoying anew the latest calumnies of my colleague, the professor of Italian literature, considerable time was necessary and—much philosophy.

As for the rest, I confess I did not suffer nearly as much as I thought I should. I give myself credit for being as tender a father as any one else, no matter who; but my heart is strong in bearing up under the weight of ingratitude. Furthermore, my affections are of so exquisite a sensibility that to injure them and annihilate them is almost one and the same thing. When my daughter had turned her back on her paternal dwelling I considered her lost in the world, and I decided not to think of her any more than if she were dead.

Letters from Serafina reached me, once from Bucharest, then a year afterwards from Barcelona.

Although I was prepared for it, the first time, the sight of my daughter's handwriting on the envelope made my heart beat. I felt (to be frank) curiosity, and a kind of spiteful tenderness.

I remember I took the letter in my hand, looked at the superscription a long time, and examined the Bucharest postage stamp to decipher the date that was on it. Then I shut the letter up in a drawer and went to dinner. After returning home, and having

got my ideas a little in order, I took my daughter's letter, and this time, without any heart-beating, crossed out the directions on it, and wrote there instead, in my own hand:

"This is returned to the sender, Iginio Curti, buffo in the Italian theater at Bucharest."

I did the same thing with the letter that came a year afterwards from Barcelona.

I was expecting what happened then.

"My son-in-law," I said to myself, "in order to force me to read the lachrymose epistles of his wife will play me a trick one day or another. But he does not know that I receive very few letters, because I never write any, and that it will not be difficult for me to recognize the treachery, even if they get the tenor, or baritone, or second lady to write the directions, especially if it comes from abroad."

Even then I was within a hair of falling into the trap, and it was a veritable stroke of inquisitorial genius that saved me from this slight discomfiture. One day a letter arrived, of a very innocent appearance; it came from Pavia, where I had colleagues and old schoolmates. I was just about to tear the envelope, when I asked myself:

"Who can be writing to you from Pavia? Professor Leonardi? No, because I would recognize the handwriting. It may be Ponzio," but as I glanced at the superscription and read, "To Signor Abate, Prof. Marcantonio," I saw that it was the same as my daughter once wrote, the same also as the buffo Curti called me in directing his letters, and finally that it was an address such as no one else has ever used in writing to me.

This transposition of names was not accidental, as can be shown. I recollect a letter from my daughter directed in this way, which did not come to hand until after it had made the rounds of the city in search of a certain reverend individual named Marco. My daughter, obstinate as was her wont, did not lay aside this manner of directing her letters, although I called her attention to it; and as the letter carriers knew that it was useless to hunt up the Reverend Marco in Milan, no further inconvenience arose from it, and I permitted her to have her own way. Admire the simplicity of the means the *ens* makes use of to frustrate the designs and punish the faults of the *existens*! Without losing any time I canceled the super-

scription and wrote: "This is returned to the sender," and the rest.

But when I had done this I began to think: "And if this letter were not from my daughter?" Then I got the idea of purchasing the last number of a theatrical journal, and of ascertaining if opera bouffe was being represented at Pavia. I found out in this way that the opera of Lauro Rossi was being rendered at the Teatro Comunale, and that the buffo Curti was much applauded by the students of the university.

An inward voice asked: "How is your daughter doing? Is she well? Is she happy?"

But I hastened to answer that it did not make a fig's difference to me, that I had sworn to consider Serafina as lost to me in this world, and that my daughter was dead.

The buffo Curti would have his breath taken away when he saw returned and unopened the letter that he had made a trap of, imagining that I would be caught. From that time I received no more letters from Serafina.

VII.

FAREWELL slight pleasures and pains of my past life! Now I cast my eyes before me in a desert way, and I become serious again.

Ah, what if the way is a desert! it is not my fault. I would have been pleased to have it made bright with my daughter's girlhood and the old and faithful friends. I would have dearly loved to sow upon it a multitude of kindly recollections, to create a haven of future affection, where sorrow might come when it pleased, and take a new friend by the hand and lead him to me, before saying, "Here is one worthy of you."

But the spectacle of human egotism has closed every door to my heart, and for a long time no one has been admitted there. At times I afflict myself with this faculty of ratiocination, which puts between man and man the same interval as between man and brute. There are those of my fellow-creatures that chatter among themselves like sparrows, that smell one another, or provoke one another, or worry one another through life like dogs. They love and are loved, and feel happy because they do not think. Thought is a worm that gnaws at generous hearts.

And to me, a person born for love, not a single affection remains; I am alone!

Having just passed the age of ardent manhood, or nearly so, the future holds out to me the chill season of old age, that season in which even the most generous nature has a right to a little egotism.

I am still in good health, but I feel that the gout is lying in wait for me. I can elude it for a time by abstaining a little from nitrogenous and carbonaceous food, but one day or another it will triumph over my will as it triumphed over my father and my grandfather. It is a family infirmity.

I have taken a look in the mirror, and I see that I have been deceived in myself. I do not show more than forty-five years. All my hair that is left is almost black. My beard, indeed, would be white, but I shall not let it grow. I shall shave every morning.

I feel that I am yet capable of rendering a woman happy, and I have made up my mind.

I shall take another wife.

After so many years of widowhood it shall not be said that I yield to a frivolous sentiment. I surrender to necessity. I shall take a wife in order to have a woman whose mission it shall be to love me.

I wish the most supreme indifference of heart to rule in this choice. To judge and choose with certainty is the difficulty. In the case of a first marriage, this is almost impossible. We do not yet know what will suit us, and what will suit the other. Consequently, first marriages are always a game in which chance plays too preponderating a rôle.

But what is unavoidable the first time is inexcusable the second. It is incumbent on the widower that remarries to place before himself the question of his partner's felicity, and to make his choice on severely mathematical principles.

I know several marriageable young women, but I know they make a romance of that to which I would be unable to play the part of hero. I am acquainted also with widows, bitten with an implacable rage for second nuptials, but they are old and ugly. Well, age and ugliness in a wife are in no case indispensable elements of matrimonial felicity. I shall not play the traitor to myself. My wife shall be young and handsome. In order that she may love me in time, it will suffice to become amiable, and this art, unknown to the young, I shall learn from

the aged. And because she marries me without loving me, it will be necessary to tempt her by showing her the advantage. The lady of my choice ought to be unfortunate, alone in the world like myself, and ought to have to throw herself into my arms as into a secure haven.

Where and how to find this bride?

In this wide world, so—

VII.

HERE a leaf of Marcantonio Abate's Note-book is wanting, apparently torn out, and there is no more to be read. These notes, begun with the firm purpose of having them form a commentary to the occurrences of no ordinary interest that our hero was expecting, met the fate of all memoirs. They were left unfinished.

Without being aware of it the philosopher, Marcantonio, was the victim of that same illusion that is the beginning of the memoirs of the representatives of both sexes connected with institutions of learning; he was confiding to paper impressions, ill-defined and not yet his own, or those already faded by time and no longer his own, as if to get a nearer view of them or to appropriate them. If he did not succeed in making something out of nothing, like the enthusiastic blue stockings of the tenderer sex, it was due to the fifty years he had lived; certain it is that from this period (the morrow of the grand deliberation) Marcantonio did not write another syllable of his journal, because from this time forth hopes began to dawn for him, sweet uncertainties, troublesome fancies, and a thousand undreamed of sentiments that he would have scorned to delineate with the pen or see badly reproduced on paper. Young ladies when they have left school yield some day to the same impulse and do the same thing. And will Marcantonio Abate take offence at a comparison that makes him a little more youthful? Perhaps not; for hardly has he made his throw, hardly has he cast his net into the world, when he looks in the glass, runs to the barber to get himself shaved, drops in at the shoemaker's to buy a pair of varnished gaiters, and sends to consult the tailor. The tailor will come to-morrow.

What is the throw Marcantonio has made, and what kind of a net has he cast into the wide world?

He has written on a sheet of paper torn from his Note-book, weighing his words one by one, each word chosen previously and measured with the greatest nicety, the following little advertisement:

"INVITATION TO THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

"A gentleman of a good age, in easy circumstances, healthy, of a not displeasing appearance, and of an equable temper, would unite himself in marriage with a young lady or widow who has not passed her thirtieth year, providing she be of good family and of modest deportment. No marriage portion is required. Direct inquiries to Signor I. O., *poste restante* Milan."

He wrote in his best round hand, paying particular attention to clearness, and after having written, he was not satisfied, but lovingly went over his effusion again retouching the eyes of every *c* born of his pen, lengthening the tails of all the *a*'s, ensuring the lines across the *l*'s, and redotting the *i*'s where the ink had left no trace, or where the marks did not fall exactly perpendicular.

When every ambiguity seemed to him impossible, unless through the malice of the printer, he enclosed the leaf in an envelope and sent it to the advertising department of the *Secolo* by Anna Maria.

The choosing of this messenger had also caused him considerable trouble. The person he needed and in whom he could confide, must be honest to a certain extent, somewhat ignorant, one that could read a little, and would not be very quick at guessing. Well, the school beadies? No, because they read and guessed altogether too well, and not the porter, because he did not read at all. Well then, Anna Maria.

On the envelope is written, and Anna Maria will have to repeat it in case of need: "To be inserted Sundays and Thursdays for two weeks."

Anna Maria will also have to pay the price of the insertions in advance. If she shall see any laughing she must remain serious, and if at any time a son of Eve asks her who makes the insertion, she is to answer tranquilly, "A son of Adam."

The portly dame received this great proof of her master's confidence with her customary propriety of deportment; namely, with her hands under her apron. Then she drew out one hand to lay hold of the envelope, and then she drew out the other to take the money.

"It is a joke," the professor repeated, "but mind and be serious."

"Yessir."

"And not say who sends you."

"Yessir."

"Pay whatever they ask without chaffering."

"Yessir."

"Take the receipt, and come back to the house."

"Yessir."

After which Anna Maria departed. Her master saw her pass through the court-yard, and noticed the extraordinary grandeur of her bearing, occasioned by her consciousness of the high trust and her sense of moral obligation, which will not permit her to take her hand out of the pocket that guards the professor's secret.

The die has been cast by Marcantonio! And if now he walks up and down in his house a little agitated, and examines himself in the glass at each turn, it is because it is time to go to the barber's and shoemaker's, and Anna Maria is not yet back.

Signor Io then walks up and down and meditates.

This unusual manner of seeking a wife in the fourth page of a newspaper is truly worthy of a philosopher. To look at the matter accurately, men in this delicate matrimonial conjuncture comport themselves badly enough. Some of them fall in love, and are players at hazard for fortunate nuptials. Others compromise themselves in sport, and find themselves bound without knowing it; these are the thoughtless. Others inform themselves with regard to the wealth and family, but not with regard to the heart; those are the monoculars, they have an eye single, etc., etc.; but, on the contrary, with what judgment Signor Io has done the thing! He places himself openly before all marriageable girls; pledges himself to nothing; sees, interrogates, scrutinizes; doesn't fall in love, get excited or impatient. Playing himself and letting others play on a secure basis, both sides will win in taking each other, and perhaps win more in letting each other go. The overtures of marriage, begun on the fourth page of a newspaper, put the business in its true light. There no false scruples are able to enter; there no self-esteem. A woman that accepts a husband through a newspaper is a woman to be relied on, without whims in her head, without foolish senti-

mentalism. She will bring her husband good, solid common-sense as a dower.

Signor Io promises himself another advantage from his device. He will send the newspaper to several girls of his acquaintance, to whom he would not dare to make an express proposal for fear of being refused, and all the other girls that he shall come to know, shall receive per mail the same paper till he is disposed of.

Therefore Signor Io will lay in an abundant store of the journal containing the advertisement. Perhaps, too, some one of the young girls of whom he does not even dare to think, may feel disposed to take a husband in that odd manner, satisfied with such a marriage on general principles. Who knows? The judicious young female may be able to reconcile herself to it in a specific case. Signor Io, freshly shaved, with his hair brushed gracefully so as to hide his baldness, makes himself up—one man is as good as another, and a professor of philosophy renovated thus, with polished gaiters—

Signor Io looks at himself in the glass, admires himself without conceding too much to vanity, and continues to promenade. Anna Maria does not come, and Signor Io rubs his hands promising himself another advantage from his device.

Will he not be enabled to become acquainted with the girl disposed to enter the anonymous bridal chamber, to approach her and study her without ever disclosing himself? Will he not be enabled to make her believe that her attempt to find a husband in the fourth page of a newspaper has been lost in the world, but that Providence has sent her, by other ways, another bridegroom, probably a great deal better than the first?

It is not displeasing to Signor Io to leave this illusion to his better half. Signor Io is no egotist, not he. The knowledge that his partner had gone into the newspapers in search of a husband will not offend him; quite otherwise. Taking a wife for the second time, he wants to be sure of his bargain, and it appears to him that the fact of his knowing her secret, and of her knowing nothing about anything, will place his bride more in his power.

There is Anna Maria's step, and there is Anna Maria herself. The big dame looks serious, and has both hands under her apron.

"Have you done it?" questions Marcantonio with a slight tremor in his voice.

Anna Maria has "done it." She takes one hand out of her pocket and presents the receipt. She has paid twenty-two lire forty centesimi for four insertions of fourteen lines, to be made Thursdays and Sundays. The professor takes the receipt quickly, but his heart throbs as though he had taken instead the girl of his marital cogitations.

What is the girl of Signor Io's marital cogitations?

Sweet uncertainty! Where is the girl of Signor Io's marital cogitations?

To-day is Wednesday. To-morrow the *Secolo* will bear the invitation to Marcantonio's nuptial couch into the city, into the country, into the surrounding villages; and the journal will come under the eye of some pensive fair one who is lying in wait for it. Marcantonio is sensible of the fact, that although he has invited to the competitive lists also the widows of thirty, his fancy up to now has pictured to him the alluring images of girls of twenty-one or eighteen only. Marcantonio takes another look at himself in the glass, and is not dismayed at his own temerity. He thinks that if a young girl of eighteen shall be content to take him, it will be a proof of her good sense.

"And what did they do in the newspaper office?" he asks, turning again to the servant.

"They laughed under their mustaches."

Anna Maria looks, too, as though she would like to laugh under something; but she remains serious, even excessively so.

VIII.

LET us pass over a long evening and a sleepless night. An everlasting Thursday begins.

To-day Marcantonio has a holiday. He lays aside at dawn that irksome burden of scholastical philosophy that on the other days of the week he is compelled to carry into the two private schools to the affliction of his pupils. He seems to himself one of his own students, so free does he feel. He goes out, walks away, and at every step his metaphysics seem to withdraw farther and farther into the distance. He comes to the grove in the public gardens. His old friend is there, tentatively making his approaches to his fellow creatures.

"Good day!"

"A thousand of them," answers the beggar with a malicious smile.

"A thousand are too few. Wish me ten thousand of them if you believe me happy; but you are mistaken."

"Your worship is—young."

"Seriously?"

"Your worship is forty years old to-day. Hardly did I see you shoot round the corner when I said to myself: 'The professor is forty years old to-day; what has he done with the other ten years?'"

Marcantonio feels flattered by the observation, and cannot find it in his heart to be offended.

The other persists with increasing irony.

"What will he do with the other ten?" I said to myself."

The professor glanced around him. Metaphysics and ethics had disappeared. No one observes him and he laughs. A temptation comes over him to-day, never experienced before, to give his old friend an alms, but he resists it for decorum's sake.

"I wish you success," he says, and walks friskily along.

"I wish you ten thousand days like the present!" the old fellow repeats and starts, too, limping to meet an old lady, who is passing in the next path, and who has already one of her hands in her pocket.

Marcantonio rapidly pursues the road that leads to his happiness. He meets a colleague and avoids him; he meets a pupil, who avoids him. He arrives at the restaurant before the breakfast hour. Never mind, he will eat alone. A man ought to suffice for himself, more particularly at meals.

He eats, then reads a journal that is *not* the *Secolo*, then awaits the young officers, and amuses himself at the complacency with which they attach their sabers to their belts, letting them dangle obliquely by the straps so as to cause them to strike first the ground and then the wall.

He feels within himself a new force; something that is not enthusiasm, nor boldness, nor levity, but that resembles them all. Every now and then he lowers the journal, and puts in a word in the discourse maintained by the officers, a word well chosen, a luminous word that, as usual, fills his table companions with amazement, and obliges them to say, "*bravo! bravissimo!*"

To pass the time he proposes a game of

chess or dominoes, nay, even billiards, and excuses himself saying, "I have a holiday."

But the officers require no excuse; they are satisfied with the circumstance that the professor deigns to put away his melancholy pedagogism to play billiards like a student.

Marcantonio had formerly been a very strong player; he brandishes many cues many times before choosing one; then plays and wins. His generous adversaries do everything to make him forget his diffidence, but the professor wins with modesty, and declares that he has played with great luck. He asks the waiter for a cigar, and five of them are offered him by the officers. Thanks, thanks, he does not

[To be continued.]

smoke the Cavour brand, accepts a Virginia from the lieutenant, accepts a match from the sub-lieutenant, and expresses his thanks to all the rest. The professor was never before so amiable.

Finally Marcantonio goes out into the open air. He goes out puffing before him little clouds from his Virginia, and suddenly a gamin "propelled by fate," offers him the Secolo fresh from the press. Signor Io buys the paper, runs his eye over the fourth page, and immediately reads:

"Invitation to the nuptial chamber."

He sees no more, hides the paper in his pocket, and looks around him. Now he feels weak, and knows not why.

His Virginia has gone out.

THE IRON OCTOPUS.

BY DR. EDWARD W. BEMIS.

UPON no other business are we so dependent for our national existence, power and prosperity, as upon the one now to be considered. Go where one will, to any large town or flourishing community in all this land, and the "iron band," now more often one of steel, invites the traveler to civilization. To whatever feature of this railroad system we turn our attention we find new wonders.

We speak of the vast standing armies of Europe; yet the five hundred thousand employes of our American railways, earning one-fifth as much as all our factory employes, equal any standing army save that of Russia. The gross earnings of these roads equal the increased value of the finished product over that of the raw material of all the manufacturing industries of New York and Pennsylvania. The problem of the relation to the public welfare of this power of wealth and organization is of untold importance to our entire civilization.

Still more pressing becomes the problem, when we learn from the well-known authority, Mr. Simon Sterne, that our railroads wield a capital of ten billion dollars, or one-fifth of our entire national wealth: and, further, that half a dozen men control directly or indirectly two-thirds of that capitalization.

I.

THE EVILS OF OUR RAILROAD SYSTEM.

A GREAT mistake has been made in this country (though long since recognized in Europe) of considering competition between railroads as either possible or desirable. Professors Arthur T. Hadley and Richard T. Ely have clearly shown this in recent articles. Where competition has been possible at all, it has only been for a short time, being inevitably followed by combination, and has failed even during its brief existence to confer the usual benefits attendant upon competition in ordinary business. The two hundred and sixty-two railroads of England have been consolidated into eleven; the forty-eight in France, into six; while the New York Central was once composed of eleven different companies.

In many cases competition is physically impossible, owing to the character of the country or the difficulty in securing terminal facilities. Or, it may be true, and almost always is, that while there may be traffic enough to pay one road well, there is not enough for two. Any of our roads could easily quadruple their business on existing tracks. The money sunk in the West Shore was worse than wasted to the community. It caused an undue transformation of circu-

lating into fixed capital, which contributed to the financial stringency of two and more years ago.

Connected, however, with this necessary monopoly character and as a natural result, there have grown up certain abuses of such magnitude and enormity as to attract the deep concern of all economists and statesmen. The most flagrant abuse is personal discrimination in rates. Men that are shrewd or unscrupulous are able to obtain from our railroads such low and secret rates as to build upon the ruins of their competitor's monopolies, of which the Standard Oil company and the Anthracite Coal pool are conspicuous, but by no means exceptional examples. The following testimony in 1885 before the U. S. Senate committee on interstate commerce by Mr. C. M. Vicker of Chicago, formerly a prominent railroad official, is most significant:

MR. VICKER—I am speaking now of when I was a railroad man. Here is quite a grain point in Iowa, where there are five or six elevators. As a railroad man I would try and hold all those dealers on a "level keel," and give them all the same tariff rate. But suppose there was a road five, or six, or eight miles across the country, and those dealers should begin to drop in on me every day or two and tell me that that road across the country was reaching within a mile or two of our station and drawing to itself all the grain. You might say it would be the just and right thing to do to give all the five or six dealers at this station a special rate to meet that competition through the country. But, as a railroad man, I can accomplish the purpose better by picking out one good, smart, live man, and giving him a concession of three or four cents a hundred, let him go and scoop the business. I would get the tonnage, and that is what I want. But if I give it to the five, it is known in a very short time. . . . When you take in these people at the station on a private rebate you might as well make it public and lose what you intend to accomplish. You can take hold of one man and build him up at the expense of the others, and the railroad will get the tonnage.

SENATOR HARRIS—The effect is, to build up that one man and destroy the others?

MR. VICKER—Yes, sir; but it accomplishes the purpose of the road better than to build up the six.

SENATOR HARRIS—And the road in seeking its own self-preservation has resorted to that method of concentrating the business into the hands of one or a few to the destruction of the many?

MR. VICKER—Yes, sir; and that is a part and parcel of the system.

SENATOR HARRIS—Is that system continued up to this time?

MR. VICKER—Yes, sir.

SENATOR HARRIS—That is the method by which transportation is being conducted at this time by the railroads?

MR. VICKER—Very largely.

The writer knows of a large firm engaged

in the manufacture of agricultural implements, from which it reaps large profits, owing to secret rebates from a line of railway. The contract was made because another firm, whose members are personal friends of the first, agreed to sell their varnishes and oils to the railroad at secret rates slightly below the market price.

Such contracts, inimical to the public interests, may bring money to the railroad. They often do as much for some of the directors, whose interests, as owners or paid supporters of the favored enterprise, exceed their interests in the road. It was testified before the famous Hepburn committee of New York in 1879 that there were, or had been recently, over two thousand secret discriminations or special rates on the line of the New York Central alone. Yet people assert that our railway lords obtain their fortunes through an equivalent benefit to the community, and that this benefit could be secured in no cheaper way.

Even as I write this, news comes of the discovery of a secret rebate by the Southern Pacific railroad to the Standard Oil company, by which it has been able to undersell competitors in California. Still worse conduct is reported from Illinois. If reports editorially accepted by such conservative papers as the Republican of Springfield, Mass., are to be believed, the two Knights of Labor co-operative coal mines of Illinois, convinced that they could still make a good profit by selling coal in Chicago at one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents a ton below the rates of the coal pool, made contracts at their low prices with over one hundred business firms of the city. Forthwith the Illinois Central railroad, on whose road is one of the mines, refused to carry any of the coal, though offered five cents above the regular rates, and the Ohio and Mississippi railroad refused to carry more than one car a day from the other mine. Have our servants thus become our masters?

It may be admitted that when railroads are in private hands it is legitimate to carry large and regular consignments of freight at rates lower than for small and irregular ones. But in most cases of secret differential rates this argument either does not apply, or is no excuse for the greatness of the discrimination. Yet under our present un-

regulated system blame cannot always be laid at the door of any one man. If secret rates are refused by one road and granted by another, ruin stares the first road in the face; for much of its trade will be drawn away.

Most significant and melancholy was the statement before the Cullom committee of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., president of the Union Pacific railroad, who in his present position confesses that he is unable to be just to the public and at the same time save his road. After telling how he had prohibited unfair personal discriminations, and then winked at the violation of his order, he added:

"If he [a freight agent] does not get his share of the business he is very apt to be told some day that his services are no longer required. Accordingly, he will have recourse to every conceivable evasion. Smartness, as it is called, thus becomes the quality most highly prized, especially in subordinates. Honesty and good faith are scarcely regarded. Certainly they are not tolerated at all if they interfere with a man's 'getting his share of the business.' Gradually this demoralizing spirit of low cunning has pervaded the entire system. Its moral tone is deplorably low. This is the root of the trouble as it exists to-day. That healthy, mutual confidence, which is the first essential to prosperity in all transactions between man and man, does not exist in the American railroad service taken as a whole. Of course, there are exceptions to this statement. But, as a rule, agreements are made only to be broken, and superior officials, under the fear of 'getting left,' as the expression goes, are constantly shutting their eyes to acts of cheating and evasion on the part of their subordinates, which are in direct disregard of solemn agreements those superior officials have themselves made."

Another serious ground of complaint is the direct, or more commonly indirect, bribery and intimidation of legislators, editors, and shippers who might expose abuses. Free passenger transportation over the Union Pacific in 1885 amounted at the time of President Adams' testimony to two thousand dollars a day, of which little more than half was among employes. Favors of this kind to particular shippers are often given, while freight consigned to some opponent of the railroad policy is sometimes detained *en route* to the injury of the shipper.

Certain merchants in Lee, Mass., who secured redress from the Massachusetts railroad commissioners in 1885 of discriminations by the Housatonic railroad were henceforth obliged, contrary to universal custom, to pay freight charges before receiving their goods, until the commissioners sharply arraigned the road, saying among other things: "Franchises are not granted that they may be exercised in this manner. And the power

of the state to control railroad corporations has not been exhausted." Such commissions, unfortunately, do not everywhere exist, and our great corporations can intimidate without hindrance. Says Mr. Sterne:

"You get an institution like the Standard Oil company, with its fifty million dollars of capital, or an institution like the Burlington and Quincy railroad, or the Northwestern railroad running through several states, and you concentrate to that power at any state capitol, the temptations are almost irresistible to bow to the powers that be, even if not corruptly, for the purpose of gaining its favor, on the part of our ambitious young legislator who is a lawyer, and who desires to be appointed as counsel for the company in a particular district, and thus to make himself a member of like instruments of commerce and of influence. They have, like every other great agency, means of corruption that are not merely pecuniary. Then, the press is under their influence to a considerable extent; they are large advertisers; and it becomes a serious consideration in this country whether, independent of the question of freight charges and passenger traffic and individual rates, for the purpose of protecting the general weal, it is not essential that these instrumentalities should be subordinated to the general government."

An associated press dispatch from St. Louis, June 26, 1886, which, without vouching for, I give for what it may be worth, was as follows: "After a spirited discussion in the House of Delegates [of Mo.] last night, a bill granting to the Iron Mountain railroad company the exclusive right to build an elevated railroad from the bridge in the city to the Union depot was passed. The Republican this morning in regard to this action says: 'While putting the bill through its final consideration, the members of the House drank the railroad company's whisky and smoked its cigars. After the bill was passed, the entire body proceeded to the nearest saloon, and indulged in a royal carousal at the expense and under the auspices of one of Mr. Gould's lobbyists.'"

Although not an advocate of state ownership of railroads in the United States, I cannot help wondering, after reading this, whether a worse state of things could exist, or our institutions be more endangered under that system than under the present.

Space forbids more than a reference to stock-watering. There are many varieties of the practice. One of the simplest and most defensible may be thus illustrated: A road with forty millions of dollars paid-in capital earns a dividend of fifteen per cent. A dividend of, say seven per cent., is declared, and the surplus is somewhat concealed from public view by a more or less secret issue of

stock to cover the rest of the dividend. It is claimed by many that stock-watering does not increase charges. Admitting this for the moment, few will deny that such watering is usually so manipulated by the directors (in giving the increased stock at nominal prices to an inside ring organized in construction companies and in other ways) as to be a robbery of innocent stockholders.

Where stock is watered to conceal large profits, no one would be injured, provided free competition were possible. In that case the consumer or patron, *i. e.*, the community, would soon buy at lower prices, and the average rate of profits would be paid, not on the increased stock, but on the cost of replacing the plant. But where the necessary monopoly character of the business, as of railroads, does not admit of such competition on local business, which in 1880 was fifty-six per cent. of the whole, their usually large profits on the cost of replacing the plant, when such is necessary, or on actual paid-in capital, are at the expense either of the wages of the employé or of the community dependent on the road. Our railway managers well know that this abuse in a semi-public corporation, which owes its existence to the state, would soon be detected and remedied by legislation, if not concealed by the moderateness of the dividends on the watered stock.

Part of this evil is due to the public opposition to dividends exceeding eight per cent. Better allow larger dividends on actual paid-in capital, such as the great risks of railroad building often justify, and forbid watering of stock. Then, if earnings exceed, say twelve per cent., for any length of time, which would indicate that the profit must be largely traceable to monopoly, or it would not be so much above the average profit of other somewhat uncertain business, it would be perfectly feasible and just for the state to order the railroad to make reductions of rates. Increased taxes might also be imposed in the form of a progressive income tax on the earnings of railroads. This is far better than to charter rival and, to a considerable extent, parallel lines.

The last important injury to be considered that our railroad system, despite its inestimable benefits, has inflicted upon a suffering public is sudden and violent fluctuation of rates. In one year the charges between

Chicago and New York fluctuated between two dollars and thirty-eight dollars a ton. One road attempts to compete on through freight with another. Rates are reduced far below cost of service, if we include under the latter term interest on capital and indebtedness. Only running expenses are paid. As Professor Hadley writes: "Even where it involves the most serious losses to both parties, it will involve a worse loss for either of them to stop, while the other goes on." This usually ends in some combination or pool which suddenly raises rates, again. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., thus testifies:

"How the business community, under the full working of railroad competition, can carry on its affairs I cannot understand. I had not been able to understand how it could do it, before I became president of a railroad, and I do not understand it now. The business man never knows what railroad rates are going to be at other places, or at different times. He cannot sit down and say, 'I can count upon such a transportation rate for such a period of time and make my arrangements accordingly.' He has, to say, 'I cannot tell to-day what the transportation rate is going to be to-morrow, either for me or for my competitor.' This must be just so long as uncontrolled competition exists. It cannot be avoided."

These sudden fluctuations of rates, which inure chiefly to the advantage of those inside the "ring," who learn in advance of proposed changes, are far more disturbing to legitimate business than uniformity of charges, even if the latter are considerably higher than "cut rates." Even these "cut rates" as applied only to competing points, are ruinous to the business interests of all other places, which find their business taken away without warning.

II.

HOW THESE EVILS ARE TO BE ABATED.

SUCH are the chief abuses of the American railroad system as it has been in the past and as, to a considerable extent, it still is. Yet these abuses are not unremovable. In some measure they have been already removed in a few states. What remedies have been applied or advocated? Only the most promising of good results can be considered.

In Germany, as is well known, the various states own most of the railways, and manage them with considerable success. This is advocated in America, or at least not strongly condemned by such able economists as Professors Ely and James, who by no means approve the Socialistic ideal of exclusive

state ownership of the means of production and distribution. Their arguments seem to be three-fold.

The first argument is, that state ownership would prevent the worst existing abuses of personal discriminations and sudden fluctuations of rates, and might lessen other evils. This may be admitted. At first, no doubt, the partizan and too often corrupt character of our civil service officers might lead to gross personal abuses and discriminations, but an aroused public opinion would check this.

The second argument is based on the difference between public and private business. The former is conducted for the public good, and usually intended, under the most favorable circumstances, to pay simply expenses, while private industry is conducted for a profit. In private business it is legitimate to charge more for retail than wholesale trade. But this gives an advantage to the large dealer. Hence it is claimed that the state should own the railroad, and, as in the postoffice, charge the same rate per pound or per carload on the same class of goods for all. It is noticed that the postage was reduced to two cents, whereby some immediate financial loss to the government resulted, but also great benefit to the community, in the increase of correspondence. So it is held that a private company may often make more by keeping up rates, though great increase of traffic and great good to the community would result from a lower rate, which would still pay expenses. Such lower charges a state-owned and managed railroad might make.

The third argument for state ownership is, the more harmonious development of our whole railroad system, with a saving from unity of management and from not constructing competing lines.

These three arguments are very strong. On the other hand, it is maintained, and I think correctly, that in a republican government like ours, with its present civil service, there is likely to be more waste under state management than now. Hitherto, at least, democracies have proved poor business managers. The German civil service and the traditions of a strong bureaucratic government make the problem infinitely easier in Germany. The political tendencies of state ownership must be considered. The

power and resulting despotism of the German government, though administered for the public good, would be unendurable to Americans. Neither can we say that the need of building new lines of road is yet a thing of the past; but government management has been proved in Europe very backward in this matter, unless influenced by military reasons, which do not exist here.

It may be that we shall yet find it wise for our public authorities to own the railroads; but this much can be said: such a policy should not be attempted until we have exhausted other and less heroic remedies. What are these milder measures?

The only one we will now consider is the regulation of our railroads by state and national commissions. One immediately turns to Massachusetts, the seat of the most successful railroad commission in this country. In a recent investigation of another subject, I have had occasion to talk and correspond with many business men, and especially merchants in all parts of the state, and have yet to hear more than one complaint of the management of the roads within the state. Grievances were occasionally presented relating to such through rates from the West as were not under the control of the state commissioners. The powers of this able commission are to recommend merely, but the railroads well know that, unless these recommendations are complied with, the legislature stands ready to enforce compliance.

When a road in the eastern part of the state abandoned a passenger depot recently, and refused the request of the commissioners to return to it, and accommodate thereby the local inhabitants, the legislature ordered obedience by an overwhelming majority. On a recent occasion the New Haven and Northampton railroad objected to the advice of the commission to establish a depot in the town of Whately, Mass., through which it passed. The commission thereupon, in ordering it done, declared:

"The mistake of the railroad managers in such cases is in supposing that the interests of the stockholders are paramount, and that the earning of dividends is the sole object to be sought in operating a road. Our supreme court has said more than once that a railroad corporation is erected mainly for the public benefit, and only incidentally for its own profit. And, because directors are liable to take a wrong view of their duties, the state reserves full control, and delegates to its agents the power of supervising the operation of these corporations."

The railroad commissions of Georgia, New York, Illinois and other states, though accomplishing much, have not been as successful, it must be admitted, as the commission in Massachusetts. In some cases they have attempted too much, and have failed from a lack of comprehension of the conditions of the problem. Often, they have not merely represented and educated public opinion, which, when aroused and intelligent, is mighty, but have been so far in advance of it as to fail in enforcing obedience to any orders. Railroads care little for the orders of any commission, unless in reasonable dread of the public sentiment behind the order. Yet abuses are less than they were.

A national commission is needed to regulate inter-state commerce. Railroads crossing state lines generally contrive to evade the orders of any single state. Such a commission should not attempt to prevent pools and combinations, which have been shown by nearly all students of the problem to be the inevitable tendency of modern times. Rather should a clear field be allowed to each road, free from reckless competition and paralleling. Then it will be far easier to maintain uniformity of rates, which are so desirable. It is easier to control one large and responsible corporation than a dozen small competing ones.

The widest publicity should be given to railroad rates, and they should not be changed without ten days' notice. Equal publicity should be given to the reports (which ought to be quarterly) of our railroads to their stockholders. The systems of accounts and book-keeping on all the railroads should be as nearly alike, and as simple as possible, so as to be intelligible to government inspectors and to stockholders. Then it would be impossible for such deceiving and ruining of innocent investors by a few directors as now. No longer could the Erie railroad, as a few years ago, charge to the India rubber account, and so to the construction account the fifty million dollars that were largely and corruptly used in the legislature and elsewhere.

The English principle should also be adopted of not allowing stockholders to increase their votes in proportion to their increase of stock. As in co-operative companies, the small but numerous stockholders should be more on an equality with the large

ones. No one in England can play the part of the American director, who has been defined as too often "one who directs the money into his own pockets." Mr. Simon Sterne tells us: "Under the English law, as the stockholding interest of the individual shareholder increases his relative voting power decreases. A man has one vote for every share up to ten; then he has one vote for every five shares up to one hundred; then one for every ten beyond that."

The most difficult problem has not been discussed here for lack of space; viz., local discriminations, whereby, for example, grain may be carried from New York to Chicago as cheaply as from Cleveland. Competition on through freights often renders this necessary, and good reasons can be shown for discriminations in many instances. Even Professor Hadley, however, who lays great stress upon this, admits that the supposition should be against such local discrimination, and a railroad commission should not allow it until its necessity is clearly proven in each case. A Massachusetts railroad president recently said that within a few months potatoes were taken from Chicago to Boston, over eight hundred miles, for eleven cents a hundred pounds, while from towns on the line of road in Massachusetts, within one hundred miles of Boston, the charge was eighteen cents. There can be little justification for so great discrimination, and an able railroad commission would do much to stop it.

Recourse to the courts without a commission, as the Reagan bill provides, would be so costly and otherwise burdensome and ruinous for any individual as to be practically out of the question. The so-called Cullom or Senate bill deserves to pass. Then, if little improvement is effected after a reasonable time (for reforms come slowly), it will be time to consider government ownership; but in my judgment, this will not be necessary, and should be avoided if possible.

The principle of state interference and regulation is established. All monopolies, and especially those of coal mining, of street-lighting, and of transportation, are of such importance to the public, and so sure to be abused without state regulation that this is fast being recognized as sufficient reason for such interference. Neither is

there any robbery of stockholders in this governmental action. As has been remarked very many corporations are making no dividends or only moderate ones, “because every company of capitalists that chooses to organize as a corporation has been left to do exactly as it pleased, without regard to the

rights of anybody else. Railroad corporations will not make much until the prejudice against a reasonable governmental restriction and oversight of corporate powers is overcome. The stockholders of legitimate corporations have nothing to lose and everything to gain from such control.”

“THE BUNDLE THAT —”

BY KATHARINE B. FOOT.

ABOUT seven years ago my sister, Mrs. Bowen, was staying in Paris for a season, and she had some friends there who made Paris their home. These friends, Mr. and Miss Haven, a business man and his daughter, came to America for three months one April, and among other visits they made one to mutual friends in the town in which I lived.

I called to see them the day after their arrival. They were out, and left town without returning my call, as they were there but a day or two, and without seeing me or any of my family. I thought but little of the matter, though I was sorry to have missed them.

A month went by, and one evening, just at twilight, one of the ladies of the family whom they had visited—whom I will call Smith for the sake of convenience—came in to see me, and said:

“Oh, I only ran in for a minute! I’ve been trying to come for a month to ask you why you never acknowledged the receipt of that bundle Mr. Haven brought over to you from Mrs. Bowen.”

“What bundle?” I said. “I never had any bundles. I never knew that Mrs. Bowen sent me any bundle.”

“Why, you must have it; you must forget. Mr. Haven sent it to you by the Adams express from New York as soon as he landed, and he has thought it very strange that you never acknowledged it. And he has got so vexed about it, and thought it so rude of you not to thank him for bringing it to you, that he wouldn’t ask about it until now, just as he is going home again, for he wants to tell Mrs. Bowen you received it.”

“I am awfully sorry,” I said; “but you

know I couldn’t very well write about a bundle I never received, and didn’t know had been sent.”

“What was in the bundle?”

My curiosity was very great, and I listened eagerly for her answer. Visions of all sorts of beautiful things flashed through my head—gloves, handkerchiefs, stockings, perhaps even a dress. Could it be a ravishing bonnet? I was all ears and all excitement.

“Miss Haven said she didn’t know what was in the bundle, but she said it felt like silks or satins. It wasn’t a large bundle.”

“Well,” I said, “now where under the sun is that bundle?”

“It might possibly have gone to father’s,” my husband remarked.

He had dropped his usually all-absorbing evening paper and was listening to us.

“Your father’s?” I nearly shrieked. “Dear me! if there is anything absolutely detestable it is to live in a small town, and be the duplicate in name of your mother-in-law with junior attached, which all your friends forget and all your enemies as well. Our dinners have gone to your father’s, and they have eaten them. They have stewed our cherished small purchases of early Bermuda tomatoes for salads, read my letters, been horrified by my bills, kept my dresses and bonnets a week or so until they found they were mine, and now they have got my bundle. I wish—” and here I rose from my chair to give emphasis to my words—“yes, I do wish you had been named Nebuchadnezzar; anything but what you are named.”

“Yes,” said my husband, “it is annoying, certainly; but you know even my mother would hardly have kept a bundle

three months. On the whole, it couldn't have gone there."

I felt stern reproof in my husband's voice, and I took refuge in remarking tartly:

"Well, what did you suggest it for?"

"If you will wait, Mrs. Smith," said my husband rising, "I'll walk up to father's, and just find out positively if the bundle went there or not. If it didn't, we must inquire at the express office. Of course it will turn up."

So he went off, and we sat and talked until he came back, but when he did come it was only to say:

"They don't know anything about any bundle."

We exclaimed, and wondered, and surmised for a little while, and then my husband went down town and inquired at the express office. After he went Mrs. Smith explained to me that Mr. Haven, in his frequent trips across the Atlantic, had been so bothered by frequent applications from friends to take over to America various bundles, sometimes of dutiable goods, which he was expected to smuggle, that he had for years made it a point to say "No," to all such requests from everybody, no matter from whom they might come; but that my sister, not being aware of this fact, had asked him to take the small bundle for me, and that he had gladly done so. Miss Haven had described the bundle to Mrs. Smith. It was about ten inches long by five wide, and was done up in grey wrapping paper, and was fully addressed to me, state, city, street, and number. Miss Haven remembered the bundle vividly, because when Mrs. Bowen had sent word that it was a small bundle, she judged that it might perhaps fill up a quarter of a trunk of ordinary size, and so had packed one of her trunks with reference to it, and was delightfully surprised when she found that from her point of view it really was a small bundle. It was the only bundle they brought over not their own. They had brought over two or three gifts for friends, and all had been sent away at the same time from the Hotel Brunswick in New York.

Here seemed a clew that I eagerly caught.

"It may have gone as a gift to one of those friends who just acknowledged receiving their beautiful present, etc., and didn't specify what article had been received," I said.

"But," said Mrs. Smith, "the bundle was addressed to you. They never changed it at all, but just sent it off."

"Well," I said, "then the express company have mislaid it or lost it, but it would be a real comfort to me to know what was in that bundle."

"Write to your sister and find out," said Mrs. Smith.

"Brilliant idea!" I sat down to my desk and wrote two letters, one to my sister in Paris, saying that I had just learned that she had sent me a bundle by Mr. Haven, and that it had never reached me. As I wrote it occurred to me that she had intended the gift as a surprise, and that was the reason I had not known of it. All this I wrote, and begged her to answer me at once. This was Monday night, and I was going to New York the next day. Mr. Haven was to sail for Havre on the next day but one. I wrote a note to Mr. Haven, who was to return alone, stating the facts about the bundle; that I deeply regretted to know that he had thought me remiss in acknowledging his kindness, etc.; and I added that the next day I was going to New York, and would be at the Brevoort House, and that if he had time I would be glad to see him there before he sailed. Both letters were mailed that night.

My husband came home, and said the express office was shut up, and that ended that question.

The next day when I reached the Brevoort I found a note from Mr. Haven. Unfortunately, I destroyed it that evening when I answered it, for the note then seemed to be of no consequence, and so I can give the substance only. It said that Mr. Haven was very sorry to learn from a letter he had just received from his friend in Hartland that I had never received the bundle; that it had been sent from the office of the Hotel Brunswick, and that he himself had handed the package to the clerk. He also stated that the clerk to whom he had given the package had left the hotel, but the one in charge had assured him that no package of any kind was ever sent by them to any express company without a receipt being taken, and that he would look it up. Mr. Haven added that he regretted that some important business matters prevented his either looking up the matter himself, or calling to see me at the

Brevoort House, as he was to sail early the next day. He advised me, as I was then on the spot, to go to the headquarters of the Adams Express company in New York and state the case, and as I already had an accurate description of the bundle it would certainly be found in a short time. And that was the sum and substance of it.

The next afternoon I was going down to Staten Island to a reception, and as I had but two or three days in town, and was extremely busy, and knew that it would be so far down town unless I went on purpose, I took a carriage to the ferry, and on the way down stopped at the Adams Express company.

I had not thought anything about my costume that afternoon, but if I had I should not have supposed that a very quiet black silk dress, even if I did have on a light straw bonnet with ostrich tips on it, would have attracted any attention. But I became conscious, as soon as I entered the doors of a rather grim-looking warehouse, that I wished I had on a rather dark bonnet. I felt that the one I had was light, and that made me feel very uncomfortable to begin with. I should in retrospect feel this to be a case of absurd self-consciousness, if Emerson hadn't written what he did about clothes, and wearing proper clothes in order to have proper self-respect; but remembering those words, I take courage, and so go on with this tale.

I stated to the first man, who stood near the doorway and who seemed to belong to the place, that I had come to find a missing bundle, and asked of whom I should inquire. He waived me aside with a quite magnificent gesture and said:

"You'd better ask one of the clerks."

I felt crushed, but tried not to look so, and I went still deeper into the gloom and dust, seeing in the far distance two western windows that seemed to catch some dim radiance from some source far above. I went on, and presently a young man met me, who appeared to look astonished, but he was very polite. I said, "I came to inquire about a missing bundle," and began my story. He said in the middle of my first sentence:

"Will you kindly come this way to the office?"

So I followed him.

When I first entered the doors I couldn't see a man, but suddenly they seemed to grow up everywhere. Every huge box seemed to have a head behind it, and they all had eyes, and they were all looking at me. I felt very awkward and out of place, and for the time being I wished I never had been born.

At last we reached a small glass-enclosed space, when my guide opened a pew kind of a door and said, "A lady about a lost bundle," and I found myself standing before a man that terrified me so—and I am not a timid woman—that I haven't an idea what he looked like, except that he seemed inoffensive in every way. He offered me a chair, and I sat down and tried to make myself believe that this man was not really the whole Adams Express company; for this was the reason he seemed so terrifying. After a while I was able to tell him pretty clearly about my lost bundle.

I accurately described its appearance and size, and all I knew about it, and also all I did not know about its contents. He listened very politely, and then he gave me a blow that seemed to be entirely out of rule. He said:

"Have you inquired for it at the office of the Hotel Brunswick?"

"No-o-o," I said doubtfully, but I suppose Mr. Haven did."

"Ah, yes," he said. "Well, have you been to the Twenty-third street office? It would naturally have gone there."

"No," I said, "I haven't inquired anywhere but here. Mr. Haven told me to come here."

"Well!"

He didn't say much more; neither did I. He took my name and address, and then he opened the door for me, and said he would do all in his power to have the bundle found, and that I should hear from him. And as I walked out it didn't seem to me that I had done much about finding my bundle by inquiring at headquarters.

The next day I went to the Hotel Brunswick, and a clerk came up into the parlor and saw me.

By that time I was rather tired of telling my story, and so I went over it as rapidly as possible. The clerk listened as politely as the august representative of the Express company had done, and when I had finished

he assured me that the matter should at once be attended to, and that the bundle would certainly be found "in the near future." I was very much impressed by that phrase, as he probably meant I should be. He said :

"It stands to reason that it must be found. We never send away a bundle without taking a receipt."

So saying he politely ended, and I got myself out on the sidewalk, and felt at first pretty sure of my bundle, but on second thought I felt somewhat doubtful. They all assured me it would be found, and yet—Well, I began to feel very doubtful.

The next day I went home. I waited a month for my answer to my letter to my sister. But when I did receive a letter from her it was not an answer to mine, which had evidently not reached her, as she only spoke of the receipt of a letter of a date some two weeks previous.

To make a long story short, I may say that I never got an answer to my letter to my sister. She was traveling about, and her letters were short, and only full of daily experiences. But it seemed exceedingly strange to me that she made no allusion at all to the letter about the bundle. In each of my letters to her I spoke of my letter and asked her to tell me about it : what was in it ? was she sure of her address ? etc.

Finally, feeling sure that that particular and most important letter had been lost, I wrote a duplicate of it, as nearly as I could, and sent it off. In the meantime I had received two letters : one from the Adams Express company, in which they said that they could find no trace of the lost bundle, and also that no receipt could be found for it either in their books or in the Hotel Brunswick.

I received also a letter from the Hotel Brunswick.

It was of the same tenor ; they had no record ; they regretted extremely the loss and annoyance to me, and to Mr. Haven. They stated explicitly that no suspicion could be attached to the clerk, who had left them, and regretted that they were unable to give me his address.

The bundle was no longer "missing." It was—

I felt resigned. I consoled myself. I even became glad. I reflected that if it had been

stockings of a rare and peculiar quality—and certainly my sister, knowing my fastidious taste, wouldn't have sent me common silk stockings—that they might have been the cause of producing all sorts of disasters.

For instance, if they had been silk stockings of uncommon beauty, I should have had no shoes to match. I might have found something at O'Neil's to match ; or if not to match, to do tolerably. And good gracious ! there would have been a pretty bill to pay. Then my dress would have had to be of a "simple elegance." We all know what that means. "Simple elegance" is the most expensive kind of elegance in the market. To dress in simple elegance and sit in an ordinary parlor would have been impossible. To make over my parlor, and fit my clothes would have been financial ruin to my husband, and moral ruin to my boys.

Could I have had my boys careering in and out in dusty shoes and with disreputable clothes, fit for shooting, and bicycling, and "blacksmithing," if I had had a spick and span fashionable drawing-room ? And I would have had to have the drawing-room in harmony. I couldn't have lived and borne life's trials with my clothes swearing at my furniture, and the boys would have gone to ruin because they have always been where I am, and if they wouldn't fit in that place I should have had to keep them out, and then, having no place to be at ease in at home, they would have gone out evenings regularly, and they might have gone to ruin. So that is why I was glad.

But I did want to know what was in the bundle, and I did want it found, because it might have been something else that wasn't moral and financial ruin.

The months wore away, and it was six months since I had first heard of my bundle. It was December, and my sister was coming home, and all that time had passed without having heard a word about the bundle. I went to New York to meet Mrs. Bowen, but I had a dreadful cold on my lungs, and could scarcely speak, and as I was visiting far up street I did not go to the dock to meet her, but waited till she reached the hotel ; and I walked into the Brevoort House half an hour after she reached there. After five minutes of saying, "How do you do?"

"Are you awfully tired?" "Did you have a rough time?" "Too bad you were sick!"—there never is anything else to say when your dearest friends have been gone a few years—at least not at first, I said:

"For pity's sake, do tell me what was in that bundle you sent me!"

My sister was reading one of the heap of letters that had been handed her just as I entered the room. After a few seconds she raised her eyes and dropped the letter.

"Oh yes," she said, "I am glad you spoke of that. I've been wondering what in the world you meant in all your later letters by forever asking me about a bundle."

"Yes, the bundle; do tell me about it. I kept writing and writing you about it, and you never answered. Why didn't you?"

"Yes," said my sister, "your letters became really quite frantic about a bundle. Now will you tell me what you meant by it?"

I began to open my mouth, when she said:

"You see, I couldn't make head or tail of it, and writing mixes things upso, I thought I would wait until I saw you."

"Well, what was in it?" I said.

"In what?"

She looked extremely puzzled.

"In what?" I almost shrieked. I would have shrieked if I could have, but my cold was so bad that I could just speak above a whisper. "Why, the bundle, of course."

"What bundle?" And she really did speak very loud. "What bundle? I don't know what on earth you mean."

"The bundle you sent me by Mr. Haven? What other bundle can I mean?"

"The bundle I sent you by Mr. Haven? *I never sent you any bundle by Mr. Haven!*"

I fell back in my chair and gasped. I couldn't speak for a moment, and then I repeated:

"Never sent me any bundle by Mr. Haven!"

"Never! What an idea! What made you think I did?"

When I could collect my senses and my breath, I told her the story from beginning to end, and then she was as astonished and mystified as we all had been. She solemnly asserted that she never had sent me any bundle by any one, and that if she had ever sent me a present, it wasn't at all likely she would have forgotten it.

And that was perfectly true. She could not have forgotten it if she had sent me a gift, and I knew it. But on the other hand, there was Mr. Haven and his positive assertion, and hurt feelings, etc.

From that day to this it has remained an absolute mystery. The word of Mrs. Bowen is not to be disputed; neither is the word of Mr. Haven.

There have been a great many explanations of this affair of the bundle, and many questions asked. This is a specimen:

"Why didn't you go to the Twenty-third street office; it would naturally have gone there from the Brunswick!"

"But it was never sent."

"Oh! yes, to be sure!"

My sister still says she never sent a bundle; but Mr. Haven said the last time I knew of his speaking of it:

"I took a bundle just as I said I did."

If this is so, what *did* become of "The Bundle that —?"

A HUMBLE CASTLE IN SPAIN. III.

BY WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

CERTAINLY the morning was the best of hours in Spain. The penetrating and indescribable odors of the sea, that life-rendering gift of God, the thousand flower scents, the perfume of the spiky thyme, blown from the neighboring hill-top, where buzzed and hummed a colony of forty hives of the sweetest honey-makers in Andalusia;

and the sights and sounds of sea and shore, which I have so often described—all these made the sun-bright hours, after the tender *alba* light, the most delicious in the world!

Don Peppe was the earliest of risers. There was no need of chanticleer from his perch in the corner to rouse him before day-break. I have known him at night to get

up and look anxiously around him, as if in expectation of hidden danger, though whether from banditti or otherwise I know not.

But you had to be up, too, if you wished to see the goat-herds take their flocks from the *chumbo* corrals that surrounded the house. The herders are quite a picturesque set of people. If you met one on a solitary hill-side, you would imagine you had fallen among the bandits; but, no! they are quite peaceable and harmless, and will supply you with a draught of milk for a penny or so, and even share the contents of their wallets if you are in need. Hunger is always a need universal, and universally to be supplied if you are in Spain. The Spaniards are a hospitable people; if they have any virtues (and they are many), they have that *par excellence*!

Even the mounted muleteer, as he sweeps past you on his swift-footed beast, if he is eating his breakfast, makes involuntarily a gesture of invitation with his hand, as if to say, "Step up, gentlemen, and have a bite." And if a beggar stops at a cottager's door too needy to give, the gentle answer comes, *Va con Dios, Hermanito!*—"Go with God, little brother!" and the beggar goes without a murmur. He knows they cannot give, and with that innate courtesy, so fine, so gentle, so Hidalgo-like, he simply bows his head and passes on.

I like the Spaniards for this: they can be the greatest of gentlemen; and, perhaps, sometimes the otherwise. Is not the world the world? I remember one day I had wandered up a rocky ravine, down which sped a mountain torrent. By its side knelt a ragged peasant drinking. He heard my step, and throwing back his tattered cloak with the gesture of a Roman senator (I have seen the same in Roman beggars), motioned me to partake of his wayside cup, which in this case was the hollow of his hand dipped in the limpid stream. *Gratias! buen amigo!* May all the waters of the purest fountains in Spain cool and purify your thirsty palate!

In fact they are a people, like all the Latin races, that range over the highest and lowest grades of character. They possess a gamut of many octaves; they proudly own the most heroic natures, capable of any sacrifice for home or country, and of the tenderest and noblest acts of self-devotion—both men and women: but of many it can otherwise be

said, that Caprice is the god of the hour, of every passion, of every duty. And he who will perform unasked a heroism to-day will turn on you the cold shoulder to-morrow; he who will pay your café bill to-night will cozen you out of a thousand dollars before the sun rises; and he who will defend your life from assassins at the peril of his own may listen at your key-hole, and betray your dearest secrets! Such is life in Spain!

The goats feed by day; the sheep, by night. And for these two classes of animals the corrals were in constant request. The corrals themselves consisted of little squares opening into one another by a gap in the cactus hedge at one corner of each; and, finally, through the last of the series by an outlet filled up by a vast barrier of thorny shrubs, which nothing could overleap or penetrate, and which needed the long staffs of the goat-herds to open.

Early in the morning the herdsmen were astir, their goat-skin knapsacks slung over their shoulders, and staffs in hand. In these wallets were the day's provisions of bread, salt, oil, and vinegar. They receive their food and about three dollars a month for wages. Often they hire for themselves a flock of, perhaps, a hundred goats, at a *pesata* a head, a *pesata* being twenty cents of our money. At the end of the year the young are their own property. If they lose a goat two young kids are considered an equivalent. These hired flocks consist generally of ten he-goats and ninety ewes, and in two or three years a herd is formed, and the herdsman becomes his own hired servant and theirs.

Mountainward, when their prickly gateway was opened, the flocks would start, coming out in a long line with some white-bearded veteran for their leader, the females following with their young, leaping, rioting, and dancing, as all bright and happy things will do, ere their fleece has become full of the world's thorns, and they have learned by sad experience that trotting out of the beaten path isn't always the shortest way to pasture!

Night welcomed their return, the ewes being separated for milking, and afterwards allowed to mingle with the general crowd. The herdsmen, who, like all men of solitary occupations, watch everything, say that each family, from grandsire down to the

smallest baby, lies down to rest in separate and distinct groups. The milk, transferred to the dairy, is at once coagulated, formed into round flat cakes about the size of a tea-plate, compressed into strong, circling bands of *esparto* grass about an inch and a half wide. They are then placed on inclined boards, grooved so as to let the whey drip, and then laid up for drying.

Follows then the most delicate drink in the world, the butter-milk (if one can so speak of a material from which butter is never made), which is most palatable and cooling; it is called *suero*, the whey of the goat-milk cheese left in the long, deep, wooden vessels with many a stray tib-bit of curd. What a supper it made, eaten in the dusky twilight under the wide *sombrajo*, with its after course of mellow fruits, by the sea that never forgets to sing over sands that are soft and wave-marked, while the fitful flashes of fire under old Dolores' tea-kettle, from her outside hearth by the cottage wall, made everything seem half-gipsy, half-home-like to the heart's content!

No sooner have the goats departed when a long, dingy line begins to make its appearance from the east. Over the narrow sand banks that divide the deep lagoons from the sea, the procession of home-returning sheep may be dimly discerned making its way corralward. They have been feeding all night by the grassy shores and swamps that surround these lagoons, which are merely deposits of the spring freshets of our summer-dried river.

This river, which was near us, was a roaring torrent in spring and autumn, bringing down from mountain heights unknown our year's supply of cork-bark and old branches. But in summer it was an arid mass of shallows and sand bars, with here and there a silvery stream threading from pool to pool, and decking itself at times with the gorgeous, rose-burdened branches of the oleander.

If you loiter late at night on the homeward road, charmed by the beauty and the peace of the scene, you will see beneath the shadowy trees and by far-off, swampy pastures, islanded by hills and grassy mounds, the light of innumerable watch-fires, and many moving forms, looking like banditti silhouetted against the flames. It is these countless points of light that make the

nights of Spain so lovely. On the mountain sides the fires of the charcoal burners glow like stars caught in the somber foliage; or a train of climbing mules zig-zagging up the steepes show their glancing lanterns. On the road the torches of the nightly traveler; on the shores the bonfires of the sardine-fisher; and in the sheltered nooks the gipsy's camp or the bivouac of the benighted wayfarer gleam with points of flame; and the whole wide expanse and distance of the land lies softly illuminated, like a pricked card-board, before the vision!

But you should see the flocks start out in the evening! All day they have been sleeping in the shady corrals, as their fleeces are too thick to bear the noon-day sun. Then the shepherds arouse themselves from their naps at the four corners of the corral ground, and their dogs are summoned for their evening meal. Magnificent specimens they are! Lithe, sinewy, gaunt, long-limbed, fit for the life they lead, darting here and there, ever present, ever watchful. The shepherd brings from the cottage a dish of *polenta*, the dogs range themselves in a row, ravenous, impatient, waiting for their master's call. The dish is divided into four parts, a part for each dog, for there are four. At a word, A No. 1 darts forward, and before one can wink an eyelash his portion is devoured, and he retires with slobbering jaws, though with an unsatisfied appetite; and so on through the ranks. Only the last, poor fellow, a young pup, unbroken as yet to discipline and famished with hunger (for the shepherds never feed their dogs sufficiently), would sometimes break all bounds, and dash at the dish before his turn, and then the staff would descend, the fur fly, and yells of direful misery fill the air. So much for the humanity of a Spanish shepherd!

Every thing ready, the prickly barrier again demolished, the herd would emerge from the gate in a sober row, and the shepherds fall into their accustomed places, two at the head of the flock, one at the side, and a rapsallion boy leading up the rear. The dogs scamper, and leap, and run in the wildest excitement, now here, now there, ever vigilant to keep the line unbroken; while the boy—an imp of satan—with sticks and stones deftly thrown to head up all stragglers, and a sling in hand that would reach the farthest, makes a rattling at their sides

that never fails to keep them in *pimlico* order. That innumerable army of legs against the horizon, seeming to support a moving cloud hiding some vast procession of camels, was a sight unique, till it faded slowly away into the green margins of the lagoons!

I saw one day a lovely pastoral among the flocks that I cannot help relating. It was early morning. (Now, remember, I am going to be just as romantic as I please.) The soft blue sky, the dew, and all the other stage arrangements were exactly as they ought to be. Suddenly, out of a break in the corral (I don't know how it happened!) stepped forth the form of a stately young male, say, two or three years old, leading just the prettiest, tenderest, and most fascinating, snow-white lamb in the whole world! He was as proud as he could be, stately with his curving horns, like a buck from a Rocky Mountain herd, a young chief of some growing flock! A thorough gentleman, graceful and *débonnaire*! and by his side, how daintily she stepped, how demurely she moved, how coy, like a young Quaker belle! And just now and then (only once in a while, you know), like the wise little maid she was, raising a tender look to his lordly front, and receiving the sweetest of baa-baas in return; for animals, and they alone in this present generation, know how to manage these things! they alone, as in the days of Louis the Grand, understand the dignity of the sexes! Very well! Off they went, over the hills, over the dales; he leading, she following, or keeping up tenderly by his side.

Did I tell the old shepherd that two of his flock had gone astray? Not I! He'd have sent off that hooting boy, with his forty-seven sticks, and a dog after him; and I never should have forgiven myself. At night-fall they came back. All day long in some ambrosial pasture they had fed, they had drunk in purling brooks, they had breathed under the same blue sky; they were happy; a whole day of bliss had fallen to them! O mortal! who can say the same?

Scarcely had the flocks of sheep receded towards the east, when the returning herd of goats from the west loomed out against the sunset sky. They approached the house over the low sand dunes that were heaped on the upper beach, and with their clouds of

dust made one think of the redoubtable armies of Don Quixote!

Behind our sea-side farm the land began swelling into gentle hills, mounting up higher into the sharp declivities of the Sierra Morena. Near the middle of these lay the vineyard of Don Peppe, where we once spent a delightful season during the gathering of the grapes, and the curing of the fig and raisin crops. These occupy the entire energies of the population, and at vintage time all Southern Spain is indeed a land of song and wine.

The vineyard was a pretty little place, a hill of humble altitude within those of larger proportions, so that it seemed like the bulging bottom of a bowl surrounded by its sides. The house was small, snow-white, with a fantastic chimney. Near by was the *era*, or threshing floor, and down below in the ravine, the garden that supplied our vegetables. Towards the south a break in the hills showed a deep-blue sector of the sea, across which the white sails would glide and disappear like the figures in a magic lantern.

From morning till night down the hill-sides, whilst the wine was in the vat, poured the neighboring traders with their ratty little donkeys covered with pig or goat skins, which, when filled with the new wine, made them swell out and look like small mountains as they again retraced their steps. Every where was a welcome, and a song, and the smell of ripening grapes, and the buzz of the innumerable bees and wasps that covered the long, narrow beds of fruit, as it was spread out on the *era* to further mature before removing to the press. But any longer description of wine-making or fig or raisin curing would be superfluous, as it would probably be nothing new to my readers.

The coast was full, it was said, of *contrabandistas*, and I dare say it was. It was a sore temptation to the impoverished people, oppressed with taxation and caring little in their destitute circumstances for the rights or wrongs of a thing, when want, or sickness, or care were driving them desperate at home. One morning I remember the sands cut up into sixes and sevens, where evidently a cargo had been landed the night before. The tracks of horses' hoofs, of wheels deeply rutted in the sand, of ropes and chains, gave signs evident that hot and hurried work had

taken place ere the mounted police could be on them. But at dawning, how hushed and still was every thing! The sea was calm, the land smiling in cornfield and orchard, and the sky above a sheet of placid blue.

At midnight sometimes, when the stars were veiled and the winds were out, a sudden rush of flying horses swept by. Well did our garden testify in the morning to the prints of their tearing feet as they flew past the door. Pistol shots, and cries, and wild halloos of defiance filled the air, and then in a moment would pass another squad of horses, the coast-guard and all their train.

But the saddest sight of all was, when the long strings of captives from the country jails to their place of trial passed our home. Such misery it was! such faces, worn, sallow, terrible, the visages of crime, wretchedness, and despair! Old men and women, some so old, so decrepit, that they had to have riding-racks on their half-starved brutes, were on their way with their sons to the assizes, because they were too destitute to be separate. The old adage, "Misery loves company," has a double meaning in Spain. I have seen the poor creatures come down to the old *presidio* in our village to bring their friends some little article of food that the jail diet did not afford; wives and children outside the heavy bars giving them some word of comfort, bringing news, or even learning how the prisoner, so near and dear to them, was faring, and what, perhaps, might be his chance of acquittal or further imprisonment, for life or starvation might depend on it. A poor Spaniard, or an Italian, or a Greek must trust to friends, for he can neither read nor write, and existence is dreary blank if he has no friend to cheer it.

Sometimes gangs of prisoners would be driven past, tied with cart ropes like so many mules. The sullen despair depicted on their faces, the moodiness or reckless laughter, were terrible to hear or see. Bandits, jail-birds, or hardened criminals were united in one seething mass, and cursing the air they breathed, the life they lived, and leaving behind them the taint of a moral corruption worse than death. Crime, engendered by a government so careless of the population that it supports it, so indifferent to their education, making the Bible a sealed book to the masses, combined with the natural

heat of a southern temperament, a sensitive organization, must in every way be ever on the increase. A hot-bed of poverty and depravity, placed under the blaze of a semi-tropical sun—who can reckon its fecundity? Yet Spain shall have its better day, for is she not the loveliest land of old romance, of ancient valor, and of never-dying beauty!

But I have not told you yet about our *era*, or threshing floor. This is a requisite indispensable to every farm. As there was none on the place that we came to inhabit, that is, conveniently near, it was necessary that one should be formed. A short distance at the right, and within view of our cottage, there lay a bit of land sufficiently firm for the establishment of a good threshing floor. Thither one day Don Peppe and I proceeded. Peppe fastened a stake in about the middle of this spot, and after attaching to it a cord fifteen feet in length, formed a pretty fair circle, thirty feet in diameter. We next obtained a quantity of rocks, big as we could find and carry, and fixing them in the rude furrow, which the stake at the outer extremity of our line had made, we formed after considerable labor and puffing, a rude Druid's ring, which filled my heart with joy. It was an admirable circle in my estimation, looking like a round-robin of whales' teeth from some forgotten world.

We did it I think towards evening, and rested from our labors till next time. When that occasion came about, other hands more used to toil conducted the work. The half-sandy, half-loamy land was then broken up by heavy hoes, and when reduced to a loose, crumbling surface, a cart load or two of clay was dumped over it, and spread out as evenly as possible. Various sprinklings of water, plentifully applied, reduced this mass to a pulpy consistency, which, when well worked in and leveled, was left to dry partially in the sun, looking like a huge, unhealthy, buckwheat cake, big enough to inoculate with dyspepsia every man, woman, and child in Spain!

When sufficiently dried, the ever-useful *esparto* grass comes into requisition. I wish I had time to describe one quarter of the indispensable uses that this wonderful grass fulfills! A little mat, some four feet by two and a half, made of a coarse braiding of this material, was then placed over a section of the circle, and by the aid of a heavy beetle

and a strong arm, beaten down into the still-yielding mass; then on to a neighboring section the same thing was done, until the whole surface by degrees was pummelled and beetled into a braided level, the mat leaving its impress over the whole. Then the threshing floor was completed!

The threshing itself was so unique, so singular that I must spare one moment to describe it. The loaded wains came from the lower hills, and laid their treasures at our feet. Laborers with their pitchforks ranged the sheaves on the threshing floor: first, a central mound of sheaves, standing out in its golden beauty against a background of azure sea; then came concentric circles, leaning a little towards the center, and filling up the entire *era*; and then for a day the harvest stood, waiting under that rainless sky for its superb, four-footed threshers, the good strong steeds of Andalusia, with their plunging hoofs, treading out the grain!

Seven they are in number, with their loose, flowing manes and tails. Linked abreast in a goodly row, with leathern thongs, and one strong strap from each gathered into the hand of the driver, they stand ready to start. Then the driver, a dark-faced, splendid-looking fellow, in his Andalusian costume, fitting tight as a jockey's,

his big *sombrero* and his long-lashed whip, mounts his threshing board, with its world-wide difference between its primitive simplicity and the modern machinery that does its work on western prairies. It consists of planks of solid wood, some thirty inches in length and width, attached to the team in front, like a child's go-cart; but he sticks to it like a monkey. Just outside the shining circles of the wheat he stands; he touches his hat, he cracks his whip, and off with a magnificent bound his horses plunge, held in with a steady grip, an even hand. Round and round they fly, the leaping wheat covers them with a thousand sprays, but unseated and triumphant the driver speeds, singing his harvest song. His beasts spring to their work, the wheat lashes their sides, the cries of the spectators, the echoing song, urge them to their wildest efforts. With dizzying evolutions they compass the *era* again and again, till all is finished, the wheat threshed out, and the labor ended.

But I must bring these random recollections to a close. The time came at last when the little steamer touched at the pier of X—, and I set my face homeward. A sorrowful adieu was made to this kindest of families and friends, and by night-fall the dark summits of the Sierra Morena faded for ever from my view.

A FIELD TRAGEDY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY.

POOR, fragile, leaning willow-tree!
Like the saddest ghost is she,
As she shivers all the night,
Though soft the winter's bed,
While the moon with silver thread
Drapes the thousand drifts of white.

Still, at last, she has her dream.
She has wed the vagrant stream,
For whose love she pined so long,
When the summer days were sweet,
And the zephyrs at her feet
Lightly sang a wedding song.

But the stream's a prisoner now.
And he made to her his vow,
Only that the world grew cold,
And he saw no fairer face,
Lighter form, nor daintier grace,
For his fickle arms to fold.

Up he looks; and o'er and o'er,
Coming through his closed door,
She hears the words he croons to her:
"Fairest, when in the soft spring mist,
Fails the hand that holds my wrist,
What delight our souls shall stir!"

Frost-elves their glitt'ring starlets flash,
Bridal favors wears the ash,
Bells in the nipping air are clear;
But she murmurs ever, "Fate
Brings the fairest things too late."
And the stream naught else can hear.

All the voices in the trees,
All the lisps of the breeze,
All the wind's sharp notes that grate
'Gainst the cold and rugged rocks,
Like a key in prison locks,
Echo the bitter cry, "Too late!"



JUST AWAKE.
After a painting by E. Munier.



THE STORY OF BERTHA.

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

MY old friend, Dr. Bonnet, often invited me to pass some time with him at Riom. I was not acquainted with Auvergne, and I decided to go to see him toward the middle of the summer of 1876. I arrived by the morning train, and the first face that I perceived on the platform of the station was that of the doctor. He was dressed in gray, and wore a black hat of soft felt, the tall top of which tapered upward like a chimney pipe, a true Auvergnat head-gear that savored of the charcoal-burner. Thus attired, the doctor had the appearance of an old young man, with his slim body covered by a light colored jacket, and his large head with white hair.

He embraced me with that unmistakable joy characteristic of provincials when they see a long-wished-for friend, and waving his arm around, he exclaimed with great pride :

"Here is Auvergne !"

I saw only a line of mountains before me, with summits like truncated cones, apparently the remains of ancient volcanoes.

Then lifting his finger towards the name of the station, he pronounced "Riom, the home of magistrates and the pride of the judiciary, although it has a much better claim to be called the paradise of medical men."

I asked, "Why?"

"Why?" he answered. "Turn this name around and you get *mori*, to die. There, young man, you see the reason why I have installed myself in this place." And, delighted with his joke, he dragged me away rubbing his hands.

As soon as I had swallowed a cup of coffee, I had to pay a visit to the old city. I admired the house of the pharmacist and the other celebrated houses, all of them black but pretty as a picture, with their fronts of sculptured stone. I admired the statue of the Virgin, the patroness of the butchers, and heard in this connection an amusing story that I shall relate some other time. Then Doctor Bonnet said :

"Now, I must ask five minutes to go and

visit a patient, and I will conduct you to the hill of Châtel-Guyon, in order to give you before breakfast a general view of the city, and the entire chain of the Puy-de-Dôme. You can wait for me on the sidewalk ; it will take only a moment to go up and down stairs."

He left me in front of one of those old provincial mansions that are so somber, secret, mute, and lugubrious in their aspect. This one, besides, appeared peculiarly sinister, and I found out the cause of it before long. All the great windows of the first story were closed in their lower half by wooden shutters. The upper half of each was open, as though the intention were to hinder the people shut up in the huge stone chest from looking into the street.

When the doctor came down I mentioned to him my surprise at this singular arrangement, and the impression it had made on me. He answered :

"You are not mistaken. The poor creature kept within there is never to see what is passing outside. It is a maniac, or rather an idiot, or still more properly an *innocent*, what you Normans would call a *niente* (ninny). Ah ! well, it is a sad story, and at the same time a singular pathological case ; one could hardly call it psychological. Would you like to hear it ?"

I assented and he continued :

Well. Twenty years ago now, the proprietor of this house, a patron of mine, had a child, a girl like all other girls.

But I soon perceived that if the body of the little creature developed satisfactorily, the intelligence remained inert. She learned to walk very early, but she refused absolutely to speak. I believed her deaf, first ; then I discovered that she heard perfectly, but that she did not comprehend. Loud noises made her tremble ; they frightened her without her knowing why.

She grew up, and was magnificent physically. She was mute, mute for lack of intelligence. I tried in every way to instill into her mind the light of reason. Nothing

succeeded. I had a notion once that she recognized her nurse; but when she was separated even from her mother she remained unchanged. She never knew how to speak that word—the first the infant pronounces and the last on the lips of the soldier dying on the battle field—the word “mother.” She tried often to utter certain confused and inarticulate sounds; nothing more.

When the weather was fine she would laugh the whole time, uttering low cries like the chirping of birds. When it rained, she would weep and moan in a manner that reminded one of the howling of dogs at a death in the family.

She loved to roll in the grass like young animals, and to run like one possessed, and she would clap her hands every morning when she saw the sun entering into her chamber. When the window was opened she would clap her hands, and jump up and down in the bed to show her desire to be dressed. She didn't seem to make any distinction between people, between her mother and the nurse, between her father and me, or between the coachman and the cook.

I was attached to her unhappy parents, and used to come to see them every day. I was in the habit of dining with them often, a circumstance giving me the opportunity to observe that Bertha (she was named Bertha) seemed to recognize the dishes, and to prefer some of them to others.

She was then twelve years old. She looked like a girl of eighteen, and was taller than I am.

The thought came to me, therefore, to develop her tastes in an Epicurean sense, and to try by this means to impress on her mind a recognition of *differences*, to force her, if not by reasoning, by the dissimilarity of taste peculiar to various articles of food, through the gamut of savors to instinctive distinctions at least, such as would constitute a sort of material working of the spirit.

The next thing would be, while making an appeal to her passions, and choosing carefully those that could be of service to us, to obtain in return a sort of shock of the body on the intelligence, and thus to augment little by little the dormant functions of the brain.

So one day I placed before her two plates, one of soup and the other of vanilla cream made very sweet. And I had her taste both

alternately. Then I left her free to choose. She ate the plate of cream. In a little while she became a great *gourmande*, so much so that she seemed no longer to have any other idea in her head beyond the desire to eat. She recognized the different dishes perfectly, and would stretch out her hand for those she liked, seizing upon them with the greatest avidity. She would cry when they were taken away from her.

I then decided to teach her to come into the dining-room at the ringing of the dinner bell. This took a long time. I succeeded, however. There took place assuredly in her vague understanding a correlation between the sound and the taste, a rapport between two senses, an appeal from the one to the other, and consequently a kind of chain of ideas, if that species of instinctive union between two organic functions may be called an idea.

I pushed my experiments still farther, and taught her (with what difficulty!) to recognize the hour of meal time by the clock dial.

It was impossible for me for a long time to call her attention to the hands of the clock, but I succeeded in making her notice the striking. The means employed were simple. I suppressed the dinner bell, and every body arose and went to the table as soon as the little copper hammer announced noon. I made every effort to teach her to count the strokes. She would rush towards the door whenever she heard the sound; but then, little by little, she discovered that the strokes for the different hours had different values considered from the point of view of her meals, and her eye, guided by her ear, fixed itself on the dial.

Having remarked this, I took pains each day at noon and at six o'clock to place my finger on the figure twelve and on the figure six, and soon perceived that she followed attentively the movement of the little rods of copper that I had often made turn round in her presence. She comprehended; I ought to say rather, she grasped the meaning of it. I had succeeded in imparting to her the knowledge, or better, the sensation of the hour, just as carp acquire it, which have not, however, the advantage of clocks, but are taught by being fed every day at the same moment.

Once this result obtained, all the time-

pieces in the house became the objects of her exclusive attention. She would pass the time gazing at them, and listening, awaiting the hour.

Then happened a rather peculiar incident in this connection. The chime of a pretty Louis XVI. clock suspended at the head of her bed, getting out of order, she became aware of it. She waited for twenty minutes with her eye on the pointer to hear it strike ten o'clock, but when the pointer passed this number she was amazed at hearing nothing, stupified to such an extent that she sat, stirred without doubt by one of those violent emotions that unnerve us in the presence of great catastrophes. And she had the singular patience to remain before the time-piece until eleven o'clock, to see what would happen. Of course, she still heard nothing; then seized all at once with furious rage, either because she felt herself deceived, or because she felt terrified in the presence of an inexplicable mystery, or by the mad impatience of a passionate nature when it encounters an obstacle, she caught the tongs from the fire-place, and struck the clock with such force that it flew in a thousand pieces.

Her brain, then, acted, calculated in an obscure fashion it is true, and in a very limited compass; but I was not able to make her distinguish persons as she distinguished the hours. It was necessary in order to obtain a movement of intelligence to appeal to her passions, in the material sense of the word. We had soon another terrible proof of this. She had grown into superb womanhood; truly a model of the race, a Venus, beautiful and stupid. She was sixteen years old now, and I have rarely seen equal perfection of form, equal grace of movement, and equal regularity of features. I have said a Venus; yes, a Venus, blonde, plump, and vigorous, with great, clear, vacant eyes, blue as the flower of the flax plant, and a broad mouth with rounded ripe lips.

Well, one morning her father entered my office with a strange expression on his face, and after seating himself, without answering my "Good day," said:

"I want to speak to you on a matter of grave moment. Could we— Would it do to get Bertha married?"

I started with amazement, and I cried:

"Get Bertha married? It is impossible!"

He answered: "Yes, I know. But reflect, doctor. Perhaps— We hoped—if she had children—it might work a great change—might be a great happiness for her—who knows that her mind might not awake with maternity?"

I was much perplexed. What he said was reasonable. It might be that this thing, so new, that this wonderful instinct of mothers, beating in the hearts of animals as in the hearts of women, that makes the hen cast herself into the jaws of the mastiff in defense of her little ones, might lead to a revolution, a subversion in the sluggish brain, and put in motion the mechanism of her mind.

I recalled, besides, an example in my own experience. I had possessed a little hunting dog some years before, so foolish that I could get no good of her. She had young ones, and became from day to day, not intelligent, but much like other dogs meagerly developed.

Hardly had I entertained this possibility, when the wish grew in me to get Bertha married, not so much through friendship for her and her poor parents as through a sort of scientific curiosity. What would happen?

Here was a problem! I answered, therefore:

"Perhaps you are right. It might be tried. Try—but—but— You will never find a man who will consent to that."

He said in a low voice: "I have some one."

I was amazed. I stammered: "A suitable person? Some one—of your circle?"

He answered: "Yes, certainly."

"Ah! And—may I ask his name?"

"I came for the purpose of telling you and of consulting you. It is M. Gaston du Boys de Lucelles!"

I hardly kept myself from exclaiming: "The wretch!" But I held my tongue, and after a silence I said: "Yes, very well. I don't see anything wrong in it."

The poor man pressed my hand: "The marriage will take place next month," he rejoined.

M. Gaston du Boys de Lucelles was a scapegrace of good family, who, having squandered his paternal inheritance, and contracted debts by a thousand questionable expedients, was seeking once more some means, no matter how slippery, to get money. He had found such means.

He was, besides, a *bon vivant* of that

odious race of provincial *bons vivants*, and appeared to me to offer enough of a husband, one that could be gotten rid of readily with a pension if found necessary.

He came a wooing, and showed himself off before that beautiful idiot girl. He brought flowers, kissed her hands, sat at her feet, and regarded her with tender glances; but she took no notice of these attentions, and distinguished him nowise from the other persons living around her.

The marriage took place.

You can imagine to what a point my curiosity was excited. But I found her after this just as she had been before, exclusively occupied with the clock and dinner. He, on the contrary, sought to excite his wife to gaiety, and to win her affections with the little games and provocations that people use with kittens. He had nothing better to do.

I then began to visit the young couple frequently, and I perceived soon that Bertha would recognize her husband. She followed his movements, distinguished his step on the stairs or in the adjoining rooms, would clap her hands when he entered, and her face, transfigured, would light up with an expression of profound happiness. She loved him with her whole body, her whole soul, with her poor infirm soul, and with her whole heart.

It was truly an admirable image of naïve and simple passion, of that carnal yet chaste passion implanted by nature in the hearts of her creatures before man had complicated and disfigured it by every sort and shade of sentiment.

But he soon grew tired of this beautiful, mute creature. He passed no more than a few hours of the day with her. And she began to suffer. She would wait for him from morning till night, her eyes fixed on the clock, not even caring for her meals; for he always dined elsewhere, at Clermont, at Châtel-Guyon, at Royat, no matter where, so as to be away. She grew thin and pale. Every other thought, every other confused hope disappeared from her spirit; and the hours, when she did not see him, became for her hours of atrocious torment. After a little he ceased to come home at night. He would pass his evenings at the Casino of Royat with other women, and would re-enter the house at daybreak.

Then she refused to go to bed before his return. She would sit motionless on a chair with her eyes fixed on the little copper hands of the clock that turned round and round in their slow, regular movement about the porcelain dial, whereon the hours were inscribed.

She would hear the trot of his horse in the distance, and would spring up with a bound. Then, when he entered the chamber, with a gesture like a ghost, she would raise her finger and point at the clock, as much as to say: "Look, how late it is!" And he began to be afraid of this poor, loving, and jealous idiot; he would get angry like a brute. He struck her one evening.

They sent for me. She was writhing, howling in a terrible access of pain, anger, passion, or whatever it was. How can one guess what takes place in these rudimentary brains? I quieted her with a hypodermic injection of morphine, and forbade her to see that man again, for I comprehended that the marriage would infallibly lead to her death.

And then she became mad! Yes, my friend, the idiot became a maniac. She thinks of him ever, and is expecting him. She expects him the entire day and the entire night, sleeping or waking, at this very moment, without ceasing. As I saw her growing thinner and thinner, and as her obstinate look never parted from the clock dial, I had all the time-pieces removed from the house. I thus deprived her of the possibility of counting the hours, and of seeking without end in obscure reminiscences the moment when he used to return before. I hope in time to annihilate in her, memory; to extinguish that light of reason that I had taken so much pains to kindle.

And I tried an experiment the other day. I handed her my watch. She took it, and contemplated it some time; then she began to cry violently, as if the sight of that little apparatus had suddenly awakened her memory, which had commenced to go to sleep. She is emaciated now, so thin that it would excite one's pity, with hollow and glittering eyes. And she walks constantly, like wild beasts in a cage. I caused the windows to be grated, and had high shutters placed on them, and the chairs have been screwed to the floor to hinder her from looking into the street to see if he is coming back!

Oh! the poor parents! What a life is theirs!

We had arrived on the hill. The doctor turned to me and said:

"Take a look at Riom from here."

The city in its somber dressing had the appearance of aged towns. Behind, as far as the eye could reach, extended a green, wooded plain, peopled with cities and villages, and bathed in a subtle, blue mist that gave to the horizon the most charming effects. On my right great mountains stretched in the distance, with a chain of rounded and truncated peaks, the latter looking as though they had been sliced off with the back-stroke of a sword.

The doctor began to enumerate the districts and the summits, relating the history of each. But I was not listening; I was

thinking of the maniac; I saw nothing but her. She seemed to hover like a mournful spirit over these vast regions. And I asked suddenly:

"What became of her husband?"

My friend, taken a little by surprise, answered after some hesitation:

"He lives at Royat on the allowance he received. He is happy, and lives riotously."

As we returned with slow pace, both of us sad and silent, an English tilbury passed rapidly, coming up from behind us, and drawn at a quick trot by a magnificent thorough-bred. The doctor seized my arm.

"There he is!" said he.

I saw only a gray felt hat aslant over one ear, above two broad shoulders, flying in a cloud of dust.

Translated for THE COSMOPOLITAN.

TO MY MESSAGE.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

WHEN in her lap you lie,
 Little note,
 Look upward to your sky—
 A starry, tender eye,
 A round, rose-colored throat,
 An exquisite white chin
 With one star-dimple in.
 Look upward from her lap's
 Soft pillow, and perhaps
 You may see
 Her think of me.

And, if by happy chance,
 Letter mine,
 You see her blue eyes glance
 Across your smooth expanse,
 Or fixed upon a line
 Which rhymes with all the love
 Reflected there above,
 Grieve not that you are dumb;
 But think that I shall come
 Once again,
 Your spokesman then.

Ah me! Would I, like you,
 Missive light,
 Might watch those eyes, mild blue,
 That throat and soft chin, too,
 Might read them all aright,
 Might feel her red lips touch
 My own! I'd give—how much!—
 Just once to take your place;
 My paradise her face,
 And a part
 Of her true heart!



THE INNOCENT SMUGGLER.

BY MARIA L. POOL.

MARION had never known exactly what her father's business was. They were poor enough for it to be anything not very lucrative. Because of this fact, she used to be all the more surprised sometimes to catch a glimpse of a rich silk or a piece of velvet, in a little room, usually locked, and called "father's shop."

Mr. Ransom had a small farm in Stilwell, New York, not far from the Canadian line. He at one time worked on his land just enough to have a pretence of being busy; but the house and farm looked forlorn enough.

When the girl was fourteen she noticed that her father neglected his farm more than ever, and that he began to raise pigeons. He became quite absorbed in this occupation, and occasionally a couple of men, always the same men, would come and look at the birds, talking earnestly and giving advice. This talk Marion seldom overheard, save now and then a word, for it was carried on in the "shop," which had now been converted into the home for the doves.

"I'm raisin' a certain breed for sale," Mr. Ransom said, "and I mean to get a good price for them too."

They had no neighbors within half a dozen miles. Mr. Ransom was never a popular man; he was too morose and uncommunicative. It was said that he sometimes drank too much whiskey. For months the inhabitants of the lonely house in the woods would not see any one outside their own home. The women that knew them pitied

the wife and daughter, who were very different from the head of the household.

It was ten miles to the nearest school and post-office, and out of the question for Marion to think of going to school. They were too poor, she thought, and her mother was not very strong.

As Marion got older she was obliged to do more and more of the work; but her mother taught her regularly, so that when she was sixteen she was as well-grounded in the common branches as most girls. She loved to read, but where should she get books? They were really beyond her reach. Instead of reading, she filled her brain with fancies concerning everything out of doors. She peopled the trees and the rocks with sprites, as did the old Romans and Greeks. You see she did not, after all, live as lonely a life as a less imaginative girl might have done.

Gradually they had more comforts in the house, and there was more abundant food, sometimes delicate food. Marion did not reason about this and wonder why, although her father seemed to do less work than ever, and they had more of everything, except books. When she asked for them, he would laugh and say:

"Books are no good. You couldn't eat 'em or wear 'em."

Several times a year Mr. Ransom went to Montreal, and was gone a week perhaps. He usually came back in excellent spirits, and appeared to have money. He made no

pretence now of doing anything but to raise pigeons. He lived so far from every body that there was no one to notice that he really raised few of the birds.

Very often a man would come and take away half a dozen pigeons in a covered basket.

Gradually, for Mr. Ransom grew more and more indolent as he had more money, the care of the birds devolved a good deal on Marion. Still, she had never yet been present when any of the doves were taken away. But she was soon so familiar with them that she said one day, as her father sat smoking in the doorway :

"That gray bird with the white head, the one I call Rob, is back again. You know, father, you told me you sold him. He hasn't been here for a fortnight ; but there he is, eating corn by that basket. Do you see him ?"

Mr. Ransom took his pipe from his mouth and nodded.

"You'll have to take him back to the man who bought him, won't you?" asked the girl.

The father laughed, and looked at his daughter oddly, but he said nothing.

The next time he came home from Montreal he brought a slender ring with a stone set in it, a stone that shot bright glances when you looked at it.

"It's for you," he said, giving it to Marion ; "and don't you go and lose it, for it's worth a good bit, I can tell you."

The girl would get up in the night to gaze at that beautiful ring. It sparkled like a live thing when she turned it about in the light. It was the first present her father had ever given her.

When she showed it to her mother, the elder woman looked so grave and troubled that Marion's heart sank, and she held forth the trinket, saying brokenly :

"Oh, don't tell me it's wrong to like it ! It's the most lovely thing I ever had. It isn't wicked, is it ?"

Mrs. Ransom pressed her hands tightly together as she exclaimed :

"How hard it is sometimes to decide what is right !" Then she added, speaking hesitatingly : "I wish your father hadn't brought that. It is strange for a girl like you to have a diamond."

Marion absolutely jumped as she heard that last word, and her face grew red.

"You do not mean that I have a real dia-

mond?" she cried, and went on quickly in her ignorance : "Then father must be a rich man ; and why can't I go to school, or at least, have books !"

When her mother turned away in silence, and the girl saw the tears gathering in the patient eyes, she sprang forward and put her arms round her mother's neck, crying out earnestly :

"Never mind, mother ! I don't think I *could* leave you, even if I had a chance !"

After that Marion never wore her diamond. She kept it in a box, and occasionally looked at it with awe. She thought of herself with wonder as the owner of a diamond. It seemed to her that the jewel must have cost hundreds of dollars. But there was a secret sting in this ownership. Her mother had not approved of the gift.

After this, too, Mr. Ransom became in a way more talkative with his daughter. Two or three times he had looked at her sharply and persistently, and had said :

"I reckon I can trust you, can't I, Marion ?"

And each time she, wondering what he meant, had answered : "I think you can."

"Because," he would respond, "sometimes I'm afraid my rheumatics are gettin' too much for me. You know about takin' care of the birds now ; but would you do the rest of it ? Easy enough it is."

Then he would sit back, and gaze at her so long that it seemed as if he wished to know all her thoughts. Once she fancied she heard him mutter something about her "mother's never havin' been willin' to help."

Still, the weeks went on, and nothing happened. Mr. Ransom's rheumatism was better, rather than worse.

Suddenly one day Marion discovered that Rob was missing again. Other doves came and went, but Rob had grown to be an especial pet. If she asked questions she knew she would be told nothing ; but she thought a great deal in those days. She knew each bird now, as if it had been a child in her care.

When they were taken away in baskets, why did they come back after a while ? She did not very often see them when they returned, for, in some way, her father was in charge of them. It happened thus so often that she wondered if he knew when

they were coming. It appeared impossible to her that he could know that. She was a very ignorant girl; but remember that nearly all the chance she had to learn was by observation in a narrow sphere in life.

"Father," she said at last, impelled to speak, "do you think it's right for you to sell doves when you know they'll come home again? You've sold Rob several times. I should call it cheating."

Mr. Ransom gave her one of his sharp looks. After a silence he said:

"I reckon you're about old enough to know somethin' now. If you'd been a boy, I should—"

At this moment the door opened, and one of the men that dealt with her father entered.

"You run into the house and help your mother," was the command given to Marion, and she obeyed.

That afternoon Mr. Ransom went away with the man, who had stopped to take dinner with them. Mrs. Ransom was completely prostrated by a violent sick headache, and when the girl had washed the dishes, she came and bathed her mother's head, and hung about her in sympathy.

The hours of the short afternoon soon passed. It was a clear, crisp day in mid-winter, but there was very little snow on the ground, and what there was, was almost as hard as ice. The sun went down in a red glory that spread all over the west; and in the east a moon, nearly at the full, was rising in the pale pink sky.

Marion had gone to feed the doves and to bring in some wood. She looked carefully to see if Rob had yet come back. No, they all clustered about her for the grain, but the bright-eyed Rob was not there. She fell to thinking about the mystery of the pigeons, and the glow had gone from the heavens when she entered the house.

When it was seven o'clock it seemed late in the evening. Marion was reading, for the twentieth time, a dilapidated copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress," which had been her mother's when she was a girl.

As the hour of seven struck, Mrs. Ransom awoke from a short sleep, and asked anxiously if Mr. Ransom had come. He was to have been home two hours before. It came eight o'clock, and she was more uneasy. She looked at her daughter, who was still bent over her book.

"Would you mind going down to the birches?" she asked at last. "Your father said his rheumatism was worse. He ought to have stayed in-doors. He may be so lame he can't walk. You might go as far as the birches, and shout to him. Wrap up well; it's very cold."

The woman shivered as she spoke, and closed her eyes, weary from the effort to talk.

Marion rose instantly, and put on her rubber boots, her thick cloak, and hood. She went out into the keen air, her thoughts full of Christian's struggles to get through Vanity Fair.

"The birches" was a thick clump of those trees about a half mile away, growing near the edge of a steep ravine or gully, in the bottom of which was a small stream, now frozen, but flowing swiftly in summer.

Marion went to the farthest side of the wood, and then shouted to her father at the top of her voice. She had not expected any one to answer. She had not yet begun to share her mother's anxiety. She stood still among the trees, which hardly moved, each twig defined in the moonlight. There seemed not a live thing abroad save herself.

She was startled, almost frightened, to hear from the direction of the ravine a hoarse voice call out:

"Who is that?"

She recognized the voice, however, as her father's, and stepped forward quickly, replying:

"It is Marion."

"Come on, then," was the response.

The girl now rushed along quickly between the white boles of the trees, until she emerged again into the full moonlight by the chasm's side. Close to that side, sitting and leaning against the trunk of a pine, she saw a man, and a hand was waved at her.

In a moment she was by her father's side. She wanted to help him to his feet, telling him she was strong, but he said roughly:

"I can't git up. Do you think I can walk with my ankle twisted clean round?"

She began to wring her hands, as she tried to think what to do, but her father interrupted her thoughts by exclaiming:

"You needn't spend time thinkin' of me. You must git that pigeon, somehow."

Marion stared as if she thought the speaker had gone wild.

"Can't ye see?" he cried impatiently,

"Down there on that cedar in the gully. I reckon it's Rob too. Some scamp has shot him in one wing. He can't fly. Jest's I got along here on my way home, a few minutes ago, I saw a feller over to the right of me with a gun, 'n the next thing I heard a shot; and then that pigeon fluttered right past my eyes, so near that I couldn't help seeing 'twas Rob. I was expectin' him this evenin', too, only not quite so early. I gave a spring toward him, 'n I slipped and twisted my ankle, so's I don't know's I shall ever walk again. That bird never c'n git home alone, and you or I've got to git him. You see, I can't do it."

Marion's wonder grew greater and greater as she listened. She had looked at the dove, which was on a branch of the cedar where the moonlight fell full upon him. She was sure it was Rob; she could see the snow-white head and darker body.

Her father was expecting him then? Did he prize the bird more than his own safety? What did he mean?

"But, father," she began hesitatingly, "I must try to think how to help you first. Aren't you almost frozen?"

Mr. Ransom wore a long buffalo-skin coat, and the night, though keen, was not so intensely cold as was often the case.

"Never mind me!" he said harshly. "Do's I tell you. You can climb trees like a boy. That cedar ain't tall. Rob knows you; you must git him."

The last words were spoken with almost fierce emphasis.

Still Marion stood. She was half-frightened, thinking her father out of his mind. She wanted to save the bird, but to help her father first.

"Are you going to do what I say?" he cried out sternly. "That bird's worth a thousand dollars if 'tis a penny."

The girl dared not linger longer. It was not that she was in the least afraid to make the attempt. It was true that she had often climbed trees in her childhood, and she was perfectly familiar with every part of the ravine.

With a heavy heart she turned and went along the edge until she came to the place where, with care, she could descend the gentler slope. She slipped and floundered along, catching at trees and shrubs, and at last stood under the cedar. She paused a

moment to recover her breath. Then she looked up and saw the pigeon shining in the moon's rays.

"Rob, is it you?" she cried, and the bird made a little gurgle in its throat, and fluttered its wings as it stood.

It is not so easy to climb a tree when you have rubber boots on your feet, and Marion felt that she had never been so clumsy before; her cloak was an impediment also. She knew that her father was watching her, for twice he called out to her to mind her steps.

She reached the dove, and, holding on to a branch tightly by one hand, she put out the other, spoke softly to her pet, and took the pigeon gently, holding it up to her face and kissing the white head.

"Dear old Rob, where have you been?" she asked between her caresses. Then she shouted to her father:

"I'm all right, and I've got him."

A voice in the ravine directly below her cried:

"Glad of it! You've saved us the trouble."

The strange and unexpected words startled Marion, so that her hand lost its hold on the bough. She hovered an instant in the ghostly white light. Then, still holding the dove, she fell crashing down among the branches, and when she struck the ice at the bottom, she lay ominously still.

From the bank where Mr. Ransom sat helpless, came a cry of terrible alarm and remorse. The father made a vain attempt to rise to his feet, and sank back with a groan of anguish.

In the deep shade beneath the cedar the pigeon fluttered up closer to the face of the motionless girl.

It was hardly a moment before two men were lifting Marion in their arms. They carefully carried her up the gien.

An hour later, the two men had brought the girl and her father to their home; and one of the strangers had gone off behind his fleet horse to the town, ten miles away, for a surgeon, who, when he came, found that Marion had no broken bones, "but her back was hurt."

Mrs. Ransom turned paler than ever when she heard the surgeon say those words. She had risen from her couch when the two injured ones were brought home. She fol-

lowed the doctor to the door and caught his arm.

"Tell me," she whispered with trembling lips, "will she ever be strong again?"

"In time, I think; I cannot yet say positively," was the guarded response.

The two men were officers on the track of diamond smugglers. Some weeks before, a homing pigeon had been shot on the wing. When it fell to the ground a small package, strongly tied with silk, was found fastened to its leg. The package, unwrapped, was the larger portion of the quill of a turkey's feather, and the quill was filled with shining stones.

When Marion had found Rob that night she had little chance to notice whether he bore any burden. But as she lay on her bed later that evening, one of the officers, a kindly man, took Rob to her bedside, and showed her a little parcel tied to the bird's leg. How bright and innocent the dove's eyes looked as he lay in the man's hand! There was the quill, and the diamonds rolled into the officer's opened palm.

Marion exclaimed at the sight, her eyes sparkling with admiration for the moment.

The shock of the experience of that night, the accidents, and the discovery by the

officers thoroughly frightened Mr. Ransom. The injury he had received gave him a long time to think. He escaped eventually with a light punishment, for he was more an instrument in the hands of bolder men than a leading smuggler himself.

He told his wife he had had enough of it. He promised that if he ever got well he would go to work at his trade, which was that of a carpenter.

"I'll move down near some town, and the girl shall go to school," he said.

And he kept his word. The pigeons were all sold save Rob, who was Marion's pet all his life. He never was quite strong in his wounded wing. He could only make short flights, and come back and sit on the window sill of the girl's room until he was let in.

They were long, weary months before Marion's back was strong again, but youth conquered at last, and the next year saw the Ransoms settled in a New York town, where the father worked, the mother looked happy and contented, and the daughter went to school, sometimes taking Rob with her as she started for her long walk to the academy, and letting him fly home at noon with a message to her mother tied to his leg.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN.*

BY THEODORE DOSTOEVSKY.

I.

IN a large city, on Christmas eve in the biting cold, I see a young child, still quite young, six years old, perhaps even less; yet too young to be sent on the street begging, but assuredly destined to be sent in a year or two.

This child awakes one morning in a damp and frosty cellar. He is wrapped in a kind of squalid dressing-gown and is shivering. His breath issues from between his lips in

white vapor; he is seated on a trunk; to pass the time he blows the breath from his mouth, and amuses himself in seeing it escape. But he is very hungry. Several times since morning he has drawn near the bed covered with a straw mattress as thin as gauze, where his mother lies sick, her head resting on a bundle of rags instead of a pillow.

How did she come there? She came probably from a strange city and has fallen ill. The proprietress of the miserable lodging was arrested two days ago, and carried to the police station; it is a holiday to-day, and the other tenants have gone out. However, one of them has remained in bed for the last twenty-four hours, stupid with drink, not having waited for the holiday.

From another corner issue the complaints

*This story is an excellent example of the style of M. Dostoevsky, the great Russian novelist, whose works are attracting so much attention in France. It is without plot, like most of his stories, but it is a very powerful and realistic sketch. The repetition of words and phrases noticeable in this story is common to Russian stories. It is particularly noticeable in Count Leon Tolstoi's "Search for Happiness," a volume of short stories written for the Russian peasants.

of an old woman of eighty years, laid up with rheumatism. This old woman was formerly a children's nurse somewhere; now she is dying all alone. She whines, moans, and growls at the little boy, who begins to be afraid to come near the corner where she lies with the death rattle in her throat. He has found something to drink in the hallway, but he has not been able to lay his hand on the smallest crust of bread, and for the tenth time he comes to wake his mother. He finishes by getting frightened in this darkness.

The evening is already late, and no one comes to kindle the fire. He finds, by feeling around, his mother's face, and is astonished that she no longer moves and that she has become as cold as the wall.

"It is so cold!" he thinks.

He remains some time without moving, his hand resting on the shoulder of the corpse. Then he begins to blow in his fingers to warm them, and, happening to find his little cap on the bed, he looks softly for the door, and issues forth from the underground lodging.

He would have gone out sooner had he not been afraid of the big dog that barks all the day up there on the landing before their neighbor's door.

Oh! what a city! never before had he seen anything like it. Down yonder from where he came, the nights are much darker. There is only one lamp for the whole street; little low wooden houses, closed with shutters; in the street from the time it grows dark, no one; every one shut up at home: only a crowd of dogs that howl, hundreds, thousands of dogs, that howl and bark all the night. But then, it used to be so warm there! And he got something to eat. Here, ah! how good it would be to have something to eat! What a noise here, what an uproar! What a great light, and what a crowd of people! What horses, and what carriages! And the cold, the cold! The bodies of the tired horses smoke with frost and their burning nostrils puff white clouds; their shoes ring on the pavement through the soft snow. And how every body hustles every body else! "Ah! how I would like to eat a little piece of something. That is what makes my fingers ache so."

II.

A POLICEMAN just passes by, and turns his head so as not to see the child.

"Here is another street. Oh! how wide it is! I shall be crushed to death here, I know; how they all shout, how they run, how they roll along! And the light, and the light! And that, what is that? Oh! what a big window pane! And behind the pane, a room, and in the room a tree that goes up to the ceiling; it is the Christmas tree. And what lights under the tree! Such papers of gold, and such apples! And all around dolls and little hobby-horses. There are little children well-dressed, nice, and clean; they are laughing and playing, eating and drinking things. There is a little girl going to dance with the little boy. How pretty she is! And there is music. I can hear it through the glass."

The child looks, admires, and even laughs. He feels no longer any pain in his fingers or feet. The fingers of his hand have become all red, he cannot bend them any more, and it hurts him to move them. But all at once, he feels that his fingers ache; he begins to cry, and goes away. He perceives through another window another room, and again trees and cakes of all sorts on the table, red almonds and yellow ones. Four beautiful ladies are sitting down, and when any body comes he is given some cake: and the door opens every minute, and many gentlemen enter. The little fellow crept forward, opened the door of a sudden, and went in. Oh! what a noise was made when they saw him, what confusion! Immediately a lady arose, put a kopeck in his hand, and opened herself the street door for him. How frightened he was!

III.

THE kopeck has fallen from his hands, and rings on the steps of the stairs. He was not able to tighten his little fingers enough to hold the coin. The child went out running, and walked fast, fast. Where was he going? He did not know. And he runs, runs, and blows in his hands. He is troubled. He feels so lonely, so frightened! And suddenly, what is that again! A crowd of people stand there and admire.

"A window! behind the pane, three pretty dolls attired in wee red and yellow dresses, and just exactly as though they were alive! And that little old man sitting down, who seems to play the fiddle. There are two others, too, standing up, who play on tiny violins, keeping time with their heads to the

music. They look at each other and their lips move. And they really speak? Only they cannot be heard through the glass."

And the child first thinks that they are living, and when he comprehends that they are only dolls, he begins to laugh. Never had he seen such dolls before, and he didn't know that there were any like that! He would like to cry, but those dolls are just too funny!

IV.

SUDDENLY he feels himself seized by the coat. A big rough boy stands near him, who gives him a blow of his fist on the head, snatches his cap, and trips him up.

The child falls. At the same time there is a shout; he remains a moment paralyzed with fear. Then he springs up with a bound and runs, runs, darts under a gateway somewhere and hides himself in a court-yard behind a pile of wood. He cowers and shivers in his fright; he can hardly breathe.

And suddenly he feels quite comfortable. His little hands and feet don't hurt any more; he is warm, warm as though near a stove, and all his body trembles.

"Ah! I am going asleep! how nice it is to have a sleep! I shall stay a little while and then I will go and see the dolls again," thought the little fellow, and he smiled at the recollection of the dolls. "They looked just as though they were alive!"

Then he hears his mother's song. "Mamma, I am going to sleep. Ah! how nice it is here for sleeping!"

"Come to my house, little boy, to see the Christmas tree," said a soft voice.

He thought at first it was his mother; but no, it was not she.

Then who is calling him? He does not see. But some one stoops over him, and folds him in his arms in the darkness: and he stretches out his hand and—all at once—oh! what light! Oh! what a Christmas tree! No, it is not a Christmas tree; he has never seen the like of it!

Where is he now? All is resplendent, all is radiant, and dolls all around; but no, not dolls, little boys, little girls; only they are very bright. All of them circle round him; they fly. They hug him, they take him and carry him away, and he is flying too. And he sees his mother looking at him and laughing joyfully.

"Mamma! mamma! ah! how nice it is here!" cries her little boy to her.

And again he embraces the children, and would like very much to tell them about the dolls behind the window pane. "Who are you, little girls?" he asks, laughing and fondling them.

It is the Christmas tree at Jesus's.

At Jesus's, that day, there is always a Christmas tree for little children that have none themselves.

And he learned that all these little boys and girls were children like himself, who had died like him. Some had died of cold in the baskets abandoned at the doors of the public functionaries of St. Petersburg; others had died out at nurse in the foul hovels of the Tchauhknas; others of hunger at the dry breasts of their mothers during the famine. All were here now, all little angels now, all with Jesus, and He Himself among them, spreading his hands over them, blessing them and their sinful mothers.

And the mothers of these children are there too, apart, weeping; each recognizes her son or her daughter, and the children fly towards them, embrace them, wipe away the tears with their little hands, and beg them not to weep.

And below on the earth, the concierge in the morning found the wee corpse of the child, who had taken refuge in the court-yard. Stiff and frozen behind the pile of wood it lay.

The mother was found too. She died before him; both are reunited in Heaven in the Lord's house.





BOX DAY.

BY KATHARINE B. FOOT.

"BOX DAY! What kind of a day is that?" some one is saying. Well, just at this moment it isn't any day in particular; but we might call it March first every year. That's a dreary time, especially for sick people; dreary enough when they have good houses and loving care, and every sort of device to pass away and cheer the weary hours. Then how much more dreary for poor patients in the great charity hospitals, who are poor in all ways!

A while ago a woman, who has spent much time in hospitals, and has given freely her best self, her time, and that most rare of all qualities, sympathy, to the poor, and sick, and suffering, made her rounds on New Year's day through one of the great hospitals in a large city. She had little money to spend for herself, or for any one else; but that day, on her way to the hospital, she bought a box of candy. The candy was good, but not of the very expensive kind, and it was put up in one of the paper boxes so very common every where, with an opening at each end and gaily painted sides. As she went into the first ward she opened her box, and laid on each bed as she passed by *one* sugar-plum. She said she thought she knew something of the delight a very little gift or a very little change of any kind can give to the sick poor; but her eyes filled and her voice broke as she told with what rapture and gratitude the *one* sugar-plum was received by the patients. They turned the little presents

over and over, admiring their pretty colors and their shapes, and their thanks were profuse.

When she reached the last sugar-plum, she gave the box to the next patient. Her joy was pathetic. She turned it over and over in her thin hands, examined the curious fastenings at each end, fastened and unfastened them, admired and exclaimed over the picture on the side of a rosy little cherub holding an advertising card, and kept it by her, and often in her hand, night and day for weeks, until she died. Her precious treasure was but a *common paper box*, such as every family in moderate circumstances destroy by the dozen every year of their lives. Isn't it pathetic? Isn't it dreadful to think how every day is destroyed that which would give so much pleasure?

The Flower Mission, that most beneficent, wide-reaching, and lovely charity, grew out of one rose carried by a tender soul to the sick bed of a very poor woman. Why not have Box Day from the one box of sugar-plums? To establish a day, to ask the kind women who, in every large city, carry on the Flower Mission, to add this one day more in the early, dreary spring to their other labor seems to be an easy matter enough. "But they are so busy now," some one will urge. Ah! yes, to be sure; but busy people always have time and to spare for all good work. Then let every family save all the boxes that come in from the

candy stores, the fancy goods stores, etc. Into each one must be put *something*, not much, but something. Into one the spool of coarse cotton that got into your work-basket in some way, and that you never used and never will use. A cent or two will buy a crochet needle ; put it in the box and shut it up, and slip a little scrap of paper under the fastening, and write on it what you have put in the box.

Into the next box put the ends of the boys' silk neckties and scarfs, a needle or two, a spool of cotton or silk, and a little stiff piece of paper cut round or in diamond shape. You have the materials for the beginning of a crazy quilt, that abomination for the women that can do useful work ; but what a resource for the hands tired of doing nothing all day long ! The pretty bits of silk alone would be treasures. So this might go on indefinitely, with no cost to the giver, with such joy for recipient ; with no loss for the giver but a little thought, five minutes time, and the great reward of a new breadth, a

new tentacle, of sympathy thrown out, a tender loving thought for an unknown fellow-being.

What an education in political economy for the girls and boys to save the pretty Christmas cards, cards of all varieties, the doll's clothes, the dolls themselves, the endless broken playthings, now cast aside, thrown into the ash barrel, or the fire ! Of no use and of infinite harm is this waste, since such disposal teaches to destroy what is of no use to ourselves, rather than inculcate the idea that should be the first principle of the true American citizen, how to use property in the best way for individual interest and public prosperity. Then, besides all that, think of the joy of Box Day to the poor, sick, and helpless, to the little sick and crippled children ; the pleasure in the unexpected revealings and the happiness of possession to those that find within their lives only their own sick bed, rows and rows of other sick beds, a blank wall, and *that is all*. Surely here is sufficient reason for Box Day.

FASHIONS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY MRS. HELEN HOOKER.

WHILE inspecting the wardrobe of a newly arrived infant the other day, one of those fortunate children born to daintiness and fine linen, I noticed that the dresses of English nainsook followed the fashion for fine needlework so prevalent, and that the nicer gowns were trimmed with drawn work, hem-stitching, and feather-stitching, or fine embroidery and lace. The plainer ones were trimmed with the best quality of Hamburg, or simply tucked.

The dresses were forty-four inches long, with a hem about five inches deep. Above the hem were three or five tucks, with a hem-stitch just above each tuck ; or the tucks were laid in clusters, with feather-stitching between each cluster. The yoke of the dresses, made very short and either round or square, was tucked lengthwise, and either hem-stitched or embroidered to match the skirt. The neck of the robes had a narrow ruffle, not made very full, edged with Valenciennes. The sleeves, made so as to cover

the arms, were gathered a little full at top and bottom, and finished in the same way as the neck. One particularly pretty robe had a deep hem, and above it two rows of drawn work, each a finger deep, finished with white embroidery silk. The yoke was made to match. Most of the baby's gowns had a sash of the dress material trimmed to match the skirt. There were also little slips made of Lonsdale cambric, without yoke or other trimming except a durable little edge at the throat and wrists.

The sweetest gown in my lady's wardrobe is her christening gown, the front made of row upon row of muslin insertion alternating with rows of Valenciennes lace, and the back of sheerest lawn. The dress is fastened at the neck by a draw-string of narrow white ribbon run into the lace, and ending in a very full rosette. The yoke, back and front, is of lace, as are also the sleeves. The skirt is finished by two narrow flounces of lace, which go around the entire skirt.

A wide sash of watered ribbon is fastened at one side. The baby's outside cloak is of fine white cloth lined with wadded silk. With it will be worn a cap of white cloth, gathered over narrow ribbons so as to form a frill about the face, and finished on top with one or two full rosettes of narrow, picot-edged ribbon.

For warmer dresses there are little wrappers of French flannel, made in much the same style as the plainer white robes; that is, with a plain, full skirt gathered to a yoke. The yoke may either be plain or brightened with needlework done in silk. A charming one of white flannel had the yoke embroidered with tiny forget-me-nots in blue and yellow.

Little girls' gowns (that is, for those from three to six) are made in very simple style. The skirts are very full and untrimmed, made with a deep hem, and pleated in double box pleats in the front and gathered in the back, or gathered all around. The waists to these frocks are more elaborate, having soft-shirred Fedora vests, or vests, revers, or yokes of velvet of a contrasting color. Sometimes the waists, are trimmed with mohair braid, or folds piped with velvet. The sleeves are also much trimmed, often being puffed or tucked in length-wise tucks from the shoulder to the elbow, where a bias band of velvet passes around the sleeve. It is finished at the wrist by a narrow cuff of velvet. For every-day frocks, French flannels in stripes or checks are used; for better dresses, cashmere trimmed with velvet.

Red is a favorite color for children's dresses, though light and dark blue, green, and brown are worn. Leg-of-mutton sleeves, or high velvet puffs around the neck and armholes are seen on the Normandy overcoats worn by very young children for an outside wrap. These cloaks, which are not unlike the Mother Hubbard, are made of cashmere, have a pointed yoke, and are wadded their entire length. A Normandy cap made of velvet and cashmere is the picturesque head covering to be worn with these cloaks. Another fashion, which is

much liked for the coats of children who are a little older, has a very short waist and a full gathered skirt. It is made just long enough to keep the child from tripping when walking. It often has a short cape. The materials used for such coats are white cashmere and Astrakhan, or a nice quality of cloth in checks or stripes, and also velvet and plush. The white cloaks are liked best for dressy occasions, and the colored cashmeres or checked cloths for every day.

For those little girls that do not like the Normandy cap, there are large white felt hats with wide rim and large crown, trimmed with a roll of velvet and a cluster of ostrich tips, to be worn with white wraps, and dark-colored felts in the same shape to be worn with darker wraps. Misses wear tailor gowns made with short coats and with them turbans or close round hats of felt or velvet. For more dressy occasions there are natty jackets of seal skin, plush or velvet. A favorite street garment for school or morning wear is the checked ulster made with a hood or cape.

Party dresses for little maids from six to sixteen are made of India silk or fine cashmere in soft shades of pink or blue, in white and in yellow. They are trimmed with velvet of a deeper hue; for instance, yellow with brown, pink with green, and pale blue with cardinal or golden brown. But the loveliest party dresses for "babes and buds" are always white, and for these are used mull, veiling, and Albatross. White plush and Astrakhan are used for trimming white wool, also moiré ribbon, and wide moiré sashes.

The Louis XV. suits worn by little boys from three to six years of age have a kilted skirt with a long loose muslin blouse attached. Over the blouse is worn a short jacket. These suits are made of heavy cloth or cashmere in scarlet, dark green, golden brown, and dark blue. A stylish and inexpensive finish is given to the little coat by trimming it with soutache embroidery in some simple pattern. Velvet and velveteen are also used for the nice suits of small boys.



① Said big man to little man.—"If there was anything to you I would lick you this minute and settle the matter!"



② Said big man to little man.—"At second thought I believe I will lick you anyhow!"



③ Said little man to big man.—Not a word!



④ Big man with great difficulty gathered himself together.

A LESSON IN DISCRETION.

The COSMOPOLITAN

THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY
AND ALL MANKIND ARE MY COUNTRYMEN

VOL. II.

◀ FEBRUARY, 1887. ▶

NO. 6.

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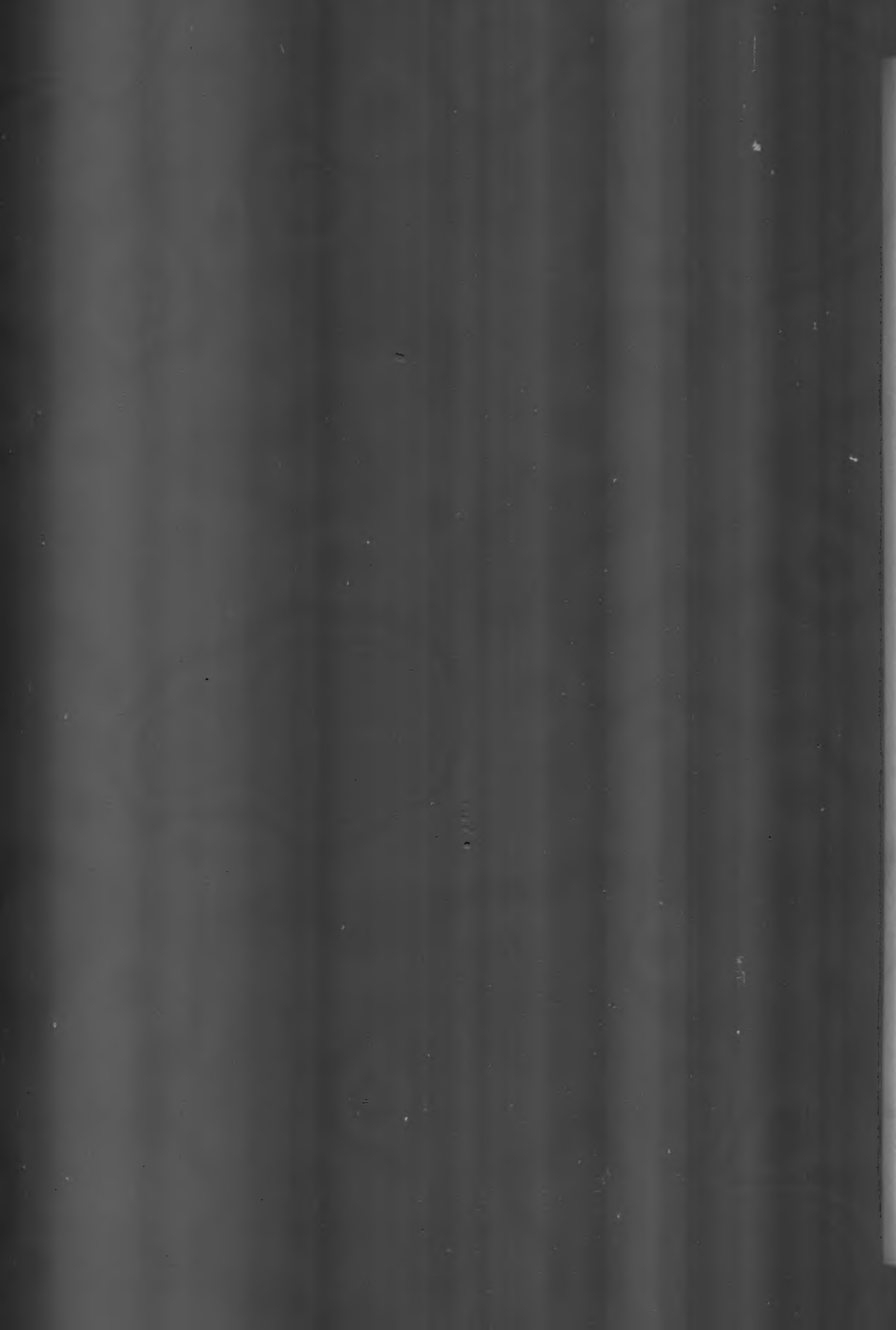
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THE RED FLOWER OF THE MAD-MAN. By M. GARSHINE. A unique and powerful Russian story. It is one of the most curious and thrilling tales ever published in this country.

THE HOME OF THE BLIZZARD. By JOEL BENTON. An entertaining and valuable article relative to Dakota. Mr. Benton recently spent many months in that state and made himself a master of the topic he discusses. As is well known he is a charming and picturesque writer, and the information that he gives is of great value.

LIFE BENEATH THE CRESCENT. By EMILE JULLIARD. *Beautifully illustrated.* The first of a short series of striking and entertaining articles on Constantinople and the life of the Turks. M. Julliard passed several years in the Turkish capital, and speaks with an authority and with a wealth of curious and interesting facts that only perfect familiarity with a subject can give. He is a marvelously clear and entertaining writer.

FASTERS AND FASTING. By HENRY HOWARD. A brief, but able and entertaining discussion of the possibility of going without food any great length of time. Interspersed with singular facts and anecdotes relative to historic fasters and fasting.

THE COMBUSTION OF JIM RACK-STRAW. By R. M. JOHNSON. A very amusing Georgia story. It is written in dialect, and one of the very best ever written by this well-known and popular author of short southern stories.

THE PARIS BOURSE. By EDWARD KING. *Illustrated.* Mr. King is the distinguished Paris correspondent of the New York Evening Post, and is admirably fitted in every way to speak of this great financial institution of Paris. He has given an admirable description of its origin and management, and interspersed his narrative with many interesting facts and anecdotes.

SIGNOR IO. By SALVATORE FARINÀ. This installment of Senor Farina's delightful tale is the most entertaining yet given. His experiences in advertising for a wife are irresistibly funny.

THE PROFITS OF NOVEL WRITING. By WILLIAM WESTALL. Although Mr. Westall is an Englishman and lives in England, his "Phantom City" and "Two Pinches of Snuff" have made him widely known in this country, where these books are very popular. When he speaks of the profits of novel writing, he speaks from experience. The facts that he gives in this article are sure to interest every reader.

UNCLE SAM'S BOOK-CASE. By FRANK G. CARPENTER. Mr. Carpenter gives in a delightfully unconventional way a mass of information about the National Library in Washington, much of which was never before published. He is the well-known and brilliant Washington correspondent, and through the assistance of Mr. Spofford, the librarian, he has been enabled to prepare an unusually entertaining article.

POEMS. There will be several of these in the March number. All lovers of good poetry will find them to be of uncommon excellence.

BAGGING AN UNEXPECTED TIGER. By ERNEST INGERSOLL. This is a story of adventure for the boys, and will form an attractive feature of the "Young Folks" department.

THE TWO LITTLE REFORMERS. By MRS. KATHARINE B. FOOT. *Illustrated.* The girls that read THE COSMOPOLITAN will be delighted with this story.

MUSICAL STUDY. By MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE. This valuable article will be one of the features of "The Household" department. It contains many important suggestions to those studying or contemplating the study of music. Mrs. Lillie is an authority on this subject.

DINNER GIVING. By JENNY JUNE. A companion article to the recent article on "The Etiquette of Ladies' Luncheons" by this charming and accomplished writer. It is filled with suggestions relative to an important subject, interspersed with illustrative anecdotes.

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ARTICLES AND WRITERS.

It is quite impossible for us to give a complete programme of **THE COSMOPOLITAN** for the next twelve months. But we may be permitted to indicate in a measure some of the special features of **THE COSMOPOLITAN** for 1887.

Mr. George W. Cable, one of the very first of American novelists, will contribute to **THE COSMOPOLITAN**. His genius, as displayed in "**Old Creole Days**," "**The Grandissimes**," and "**Dr. Sevier**," is universally admitted and universally admired. His stories for **THE COSMOPOLITAN** will rank with the best that he has written.

It affords us great pleasure to announce the **Hon. Andrew D. White**, formerly Minister to Berlin and President of Cornell University, as one of our special contributors. The article that he is preparing for us is on a subject of great importance and interest to the people of this country. We shall be pleased to announce its title later.

The thousands of friends and admirers of **Mr. John Burroughs**, one of the most distinguished of American authors, will be glad to learn that he is numbered among the contributors to **THE COSMOPOLITAN** during the coming year.

Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale College will contribute an article on a subject of vital interest and importance. As is well known, he is one of the ablest, if not the ablest, writer on political economy in this country.

At an early date we shall publish an entertaining article by **Mr. E. P. Roe**, the most popular of American novelists, on "**How I Came to Write my First Novel**."

"**How our Light-Houses are Illuminated**" is a subject that will be treated in a most entertaining way by **Mr. Arnold Burges Johnson**, the able and efficient Chief of Light House Board of Washington, and for many years the private secretary of **Hon. Charles Sumner**. He will also prepare other articles of equal interest.

We are pleased to state that **Dr. Wm. A. Hammond**, the distinguished alienist and author, has in preparation an article that cannot fail to attract attention.

We have on hand and expect to publish soon a powerful story by **Mr. George Parsons Lathrop**, whose power and skill as a novelist places him among the first of American story writers.

Mr. James Breck Perkins, the author of "**France under Richelieu and Mazarin**," will contribute a series of articles on the distinguished French women of the 17th century. The title of the first article is "**A Great Politician in Petticoats**." The titles of the other articles will be announced hereafter.

Our readers will be glad to learn that **Mr. Wm. T. Hornaday**, the author of "**Two Years in a Jungle**," one of the most popular books of travel ever published, will continue his delightful articles in **THE COSMOPOLITAN**. One of the most striking and entertaining will be entitled "**The Last Buffalo Hunt**," giving a graphic and entertaining description of his experience while out on the prairies of the Northwest last fall in search of buffalo for the United States National Museum. He will also prepare articles on "**A Day in Ceylon**," "**A Winter Trip to the Isle of Pines**," "**A Fortnight in the City of Bolivar**," and on other topics of equal interest.

We take pleasure in saying that Canadian topics in **THE COSMOPOLITAN** will continue to be handled by **Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley**, the brightest and most entertaining of the Canadian writers. We have on hand already a valuable illustrated article entitled "**From Forest to Floor**," devoted to the Canadian lumber interest.

Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins, one of the ablest writers on the Pacific coast, has prepared for us a unique article on the "**California Ranch**," giving a history of its origin and a very entertaining account of its present gigantic proportions.

That accomplished Paris correspondent, **Mr. Edward King**, will contribute a series of articles on "**The Romance of Versailles**." He is preparing articles on the other palaces of France, and also on those of Italy and Austria, subjects to which he has devoted much time and study.

"**Horses and Hunting in Persia**" and "**Lights and Shadows of Persian Life**," two beautifully illustrated articles by **Mr. W. von Schierbrand** will soon appear in **THE COSMOPOLITAN**.

It affords us pleasure to state that **Mr. George H. Fitch**, the able managing editor of the **San Francisco Chronicle**, will prepare a series of very striking articles relative to California. We shall publish as soon as possible an entertaining article on "**The Millionaires of the Pacific Coast**," accompanied by many portraits and other illustrations.

"**Monte Carlo, or the Plague Spot of Europe**" is the subject of two beautifully illustrated articles by **Mr. Charles C. Welman**, the distinguished English writer, who spent some time at this famous place and collected a mass of entertaining information in regard to it.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, one of our most charming writers on nature, will contribute two articles, the title of one of which is "**The Rosy Shield**," and the title of the other, "**A Stormy Wooing**."

Had we the space we should be pleased to give the titles of other articles in our possession. But we shall be obliged to content ourselves with merely mentioning the names of a few of our contributors.

Julian Hawthorne,
Harriet P. Spofford,
Gen'l R. D. Mussey,
Prof. Herbert Tuttle,
Agnes Repplier,
Prof. Wm. C. Richards,
Mrs. K. B. Foot,
Ernest Ingersoll,
Sophia Swett,
S. B. Herrick,
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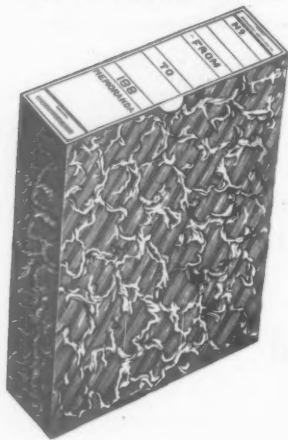
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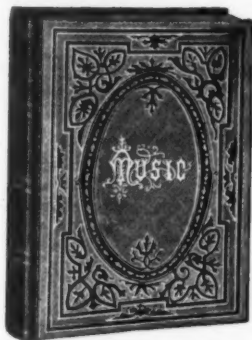
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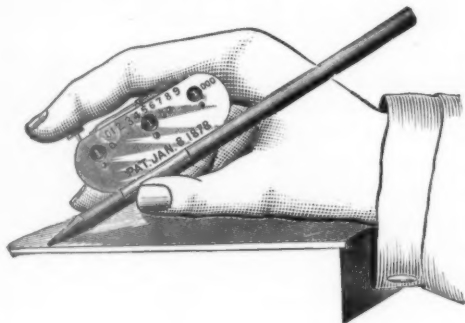
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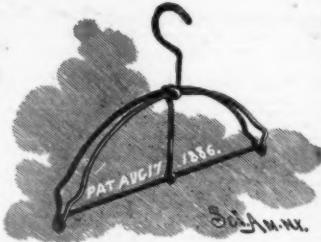
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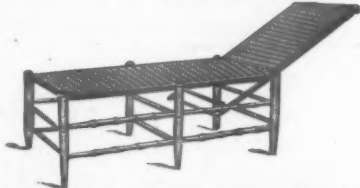
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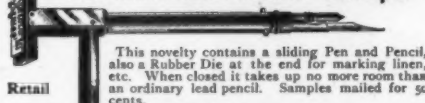
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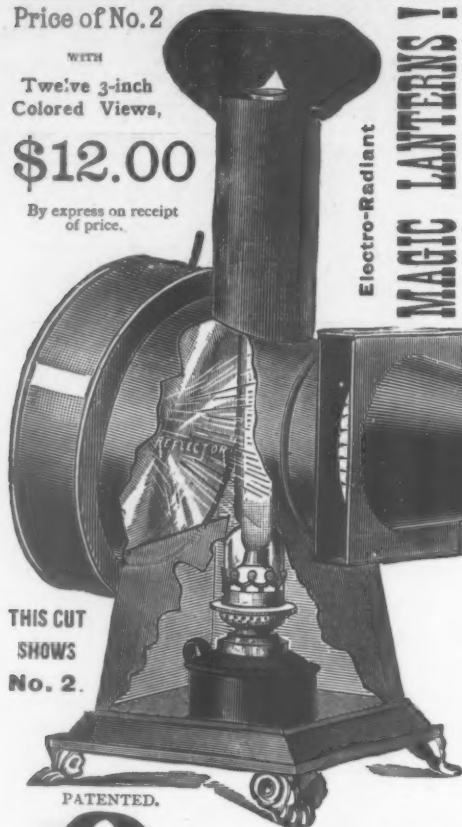
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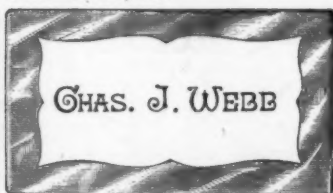
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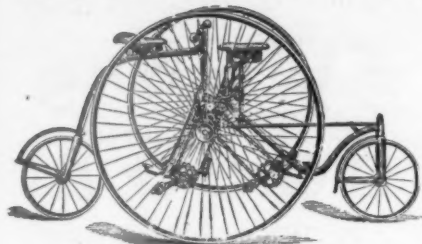
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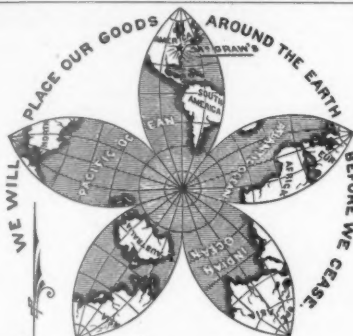
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In reply to his announcement through the press, over 125,000 Catarrh sufferers have applied to him for relief, and it would be impossible to realize to what extent he has benefited our generation.

Imitators have sprung up in every direction, advertising their nostrums, and adding Catarrh to the long list of diseases they claim to cure; but the simple-minded old clergyman has gone on, and seen them rise and fall, so that to-day he stands almost entirely alone, announcing, as of old, his still honest belief that he can cure Catarrh. His statement is now backed by so many thousands of people in all parts of the country that it is not difficult for Mr. Childs to refer parties, who may not be fully satisfied, to neighbors or friends in their own locality, who will speak for themselves, what this treatment has done in their cases.

Many people annually visit Troy, O., and they realize that their first impression of the Rev. T. P. Childs was correct; that he is not a doctor, nor a charlatan, nor a seller of nostrums; but a simple-hearted gentleman, whose faith in his own ability to cure Catarrh is unlimited.

With their own consent, Mr. Childs publishes what a few of the writers say of their own cure. One of the most interesting cases is that of Chas. E. Baker, residing at No. 59 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. His case was very sad, though not an unusual one, as many can testify. He says: "I had dyspepsia, a constant headache, ulcers in the nasal and posterior passages, ringing in the ears; in fact, nasal and bronchial catarrh affected all the passages of the head and throat. Added to this was the usual accompaniment of a severe case of catarrh, viz.: physical disability unfitting me for my regular business. Such was my condition when I commenced your treatment. I experienced immediate relief. The terrible pressure in my head relaxed; the bronchial tubes and nasal passages were soothed by the medicines. I continued to use the medicines until the ulcers subsided and healed, the bronchial tubes recovered their wonted vigor, dyspepsia gave place to appetite, and the ringing in my ears ceased. I humbly thank God that he has blessed your remedy in my case."

Among other well-known people in the South who know something about catarrh and its treat-

ment, is the Rev. R. E. Melvin, of Camden, Miss., who, in a letter published in the *Baptist Herald*, of Austin, Texas, says: "I see others besides Brother Childs are advertising to cure catarrh. Of the merits of their treatment I know nothing, but I do know that Brother Childs cures catarrh, because he cured me. In January, I was brought very low with it, as Elder M. T. Martin and many others will remember well. For my present marvelous health, I am indebted alone to the remedy offered by Rev. T. P. Childs, of Troy, O., and I feel it a religious duty I owe the afflicted to speak of it on all proper occasions."

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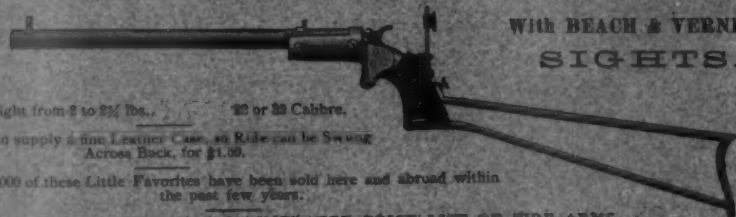
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